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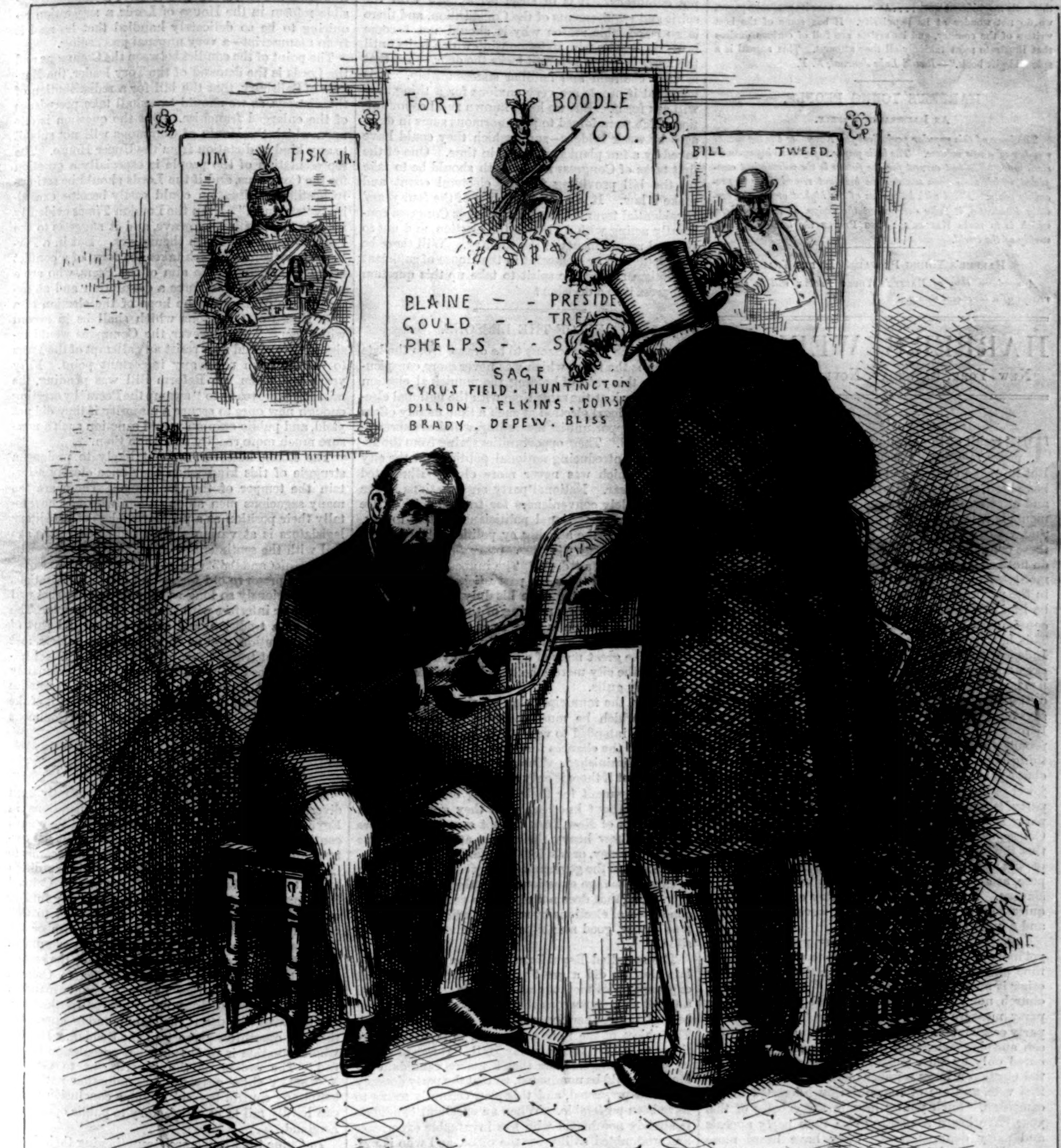
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ELECTION DAY—WATCHING THE RETURNS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8. 1884.

THE RESULT.

THE result of the election will be known when this paper appears. Speculation upon it is useless. But however earnest and absorbing the contest may have been, we may certainly congratulate our readers and ourselves that the range of our topics and comments is enlarged by the end of the "campaign," and that we can now hope to give that variety even to these columns which the exigencies of a "campaign" do not permit. It has been a debate of unusual acrimony, because it involved the gravest differences within the parties, and whatever the result may be it will be impossible for some time to perceive the ultimate consequences of the peculiar conditions of the contest. This, however, is clear, and not a speculation, that the Independent Republican movement has been of the greatest service, whoever may be elected, because it has brought strongly into view the true nature and duties of party and party relations. What **BURKE** says of government is true of party, but it is constantly forgotten. "All government is founded upon compromise and barter....But in all fair-dealing the thing bought must bear some proportion to the purchase paid. None will barter away the immediate jewel of the soul." That is to say, government, like party, is a means, not an end. Yet the tendency of a party is toward the overthrow of individual liberty. Consequently, although a seeming paradox, it is true that the best party men, that is to say, those who hold parties steadily to their legitimate and reasonable purpose, are the independent members who resist party slavery. But what is party slavery except tacit acquiescence in party commands, however unjustifiable and dangerous?

Independents who disclaim any party name are yet more or less party men; that is to say, the general tone and tendency of one party rather than of the other is more satisfactory to them. A party is not a church nor an army, and if refusal to support any party measure however wrong, or to vote for any party candidate however objectionable, be party treason and desertion, then political progress can be secured only by such treason. With every Presidential election a large number of young men cast their first vote, and are of course deeply interested in the campaign. Such young men in the debates of this year have heard something else than party appeals and party denunciations. They have heard more even than sound and candid party arguments. They have been reminded that they are men and Americans before they are partisans, and so long as they remember that truth and act upon it, the country is in no danger. Yet as the country grows and the population rapidly increases, the excitement and fury of the Presidential election increase also, and there is probably a very large body of citizens who already regard their frequent recurrence with dismay, if not alarm. The prolongation of the Presidential term is very desirable. The term of four years contemplated a very different election from that to which we are accustomed. It was not to be concentrated upon two or three candidates, but upon electors who were to be actual electoral agents. Had the fathers foreseen the fifty-five millions of population within the century and a practically popular election of the President, they would have foreseen also the feverish public turmoil, and they would have decided that a longer term would be more desirable.

It would be exceedingly unfortunate also if the defective system of finally determining the electoral vote should not be amended. The experience of 1876 should have convinced us of the justice of the warnings of statesmen and political philosophers, that the weak practical point of our whole system is the undefined method of determining the Presidential vote. The Senate has done its duty in this matter. It has adopted twice, and unanimously, the admirable scheme proposed by Mr. **EDMUNDS**. It is not partisan; it is not cumbrous. It is in strict accordance with the spirit and requirements of the Constitution, and there is no respectable reason why it should not become law. It is not a wise statesmanship which waits until the horse is stolen before it locks the door. Yet that is very common and familiar statesmanship. It is true that if people are very anxious for a thing they will ask for it. But we have known rural communities which were forced to pay enormous sums in damages by weak bridges—sums which they could have saved by a few planks and nails in time. One of the first tasks of Congress next month should be to take up the bill providing for the electoral count and make it law. It is a great mischief of the four years' Presidential term that its brevity keeps Congress constantly acting with a view to the election, and not to the real requirements of the country. Will there be no Republican or Democrat in the House of sufficient patriotism and public spirit to take up this question and press it to a decision?

ONE OF THE LESSONS.

ONE of the many lessons to be drawn from the late election is the folly, which was never more conspicuous than this year, of holding the municipal election in New York at the same time with the national election. The local election at such a time merely offers boundless opportunities for trading, which are shrewdly improved. These opportunities spring from the absurdity of introducing national politics into the city election, which was never more clearly illustrated than this year. National party organizations in the city are solely conveniences for trading. They are managed by professional politicians, that is to say, by men who make a living by politics. They reach an understanding with each other for the common benefit. This is a "deal." The innocent citizen goes to the poll, and takes his party ticket, and votes it, and is proud to have done his duty as a good party man. But he knows nothing of the candidates, and all that he has done is to serve as a pawn and dummy and make-weight for his party boss who made the deal. The great mass of citizens who vote the party ticket in the city merely because it is the party ticket are simply gulls.

If, now, the municipal election should be the only election which he must consider, every intelligent man who intended to vote could know what he was doing, and the chances for deals of every kind would be much diminished. The assertion that voters will not turn out if there is only a municipal election is not a valid argument for their turning out at a general election without knowing what they are about. If the citizens of New York do not care how they are governed, how heavy their taxes are, what is done with the money, or whether there are decent and honorable men in the government, they can only be taught to care by savage experience like that of the **TWEED** ring. But that does not affect the duty of providing conditions of elections by means of which, if good citizens choose, good municipal government will be possible.

The so-called Republican City Convention at the late election did a great public service by its frank exposure of its methods and purpose. It nominated a ticket so preposterous that even some of the members of the convention protested and left the hall. The object of the nomination was to secure a party ticket to sell out to Tammany Hall. It was proposed by some of the seceders that a fitting candidate for Mayor should be nominated, so that the party decency might be preserved, and this plan certainly seems to have been preferable. When an excellent candidate is already nominated who has invaluable experience and undoubted ability for the office, and who is presented by citizens of both parties that there may be no party considerations in the election, it is much more cunning, if you propose to succeed in defeating him by appealing to party spirit, to nominate some candidate upon whose character such an appeal can be based. This was the action finally taken, for the first nominations were set aside, and the seceders were satisfied. But a partisan municipal government should be discarded by the good sense of the city. There is still some power in an enlightened public opinion, and to bring it to bear upon the improvement of the city government the election should take place at a time when, free from more absorbing elections, the press can concentrate public attention upon the candidates and the situation.

A SPECIAL SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

ENGLISH politics have their intense excitements as well as ours, although there is no quadrennial election of a chief executive magistrate. The general excitement of an election in England, however, shows that interest in the result does not depend upon the hope of a general change in the civil service, for when power passes from one English party to another the whole appointive civil service is substantially unaffected. There has been no general election in England for some time, but there is now a special session of Parliament to consider a bill for the enlargement of the franchise, and the position of the House of Lords toward it is such that Mr. **GLADSTONE**, in introducing the bill, is reported to have intimated a possible reform in the House of Lords, a suggestion requiring to be so delicately handled that he read it from manuscript—a very unusual proceeding.

The point of the conflict between the Commons and the Lords is the demand of the Tory leader, the Marquis of Salisbury, that the bill for a redistribution of the districts, as we should say, shall take precedence of the enlarged franchise. But the question is one upon which the House of Commons will not submit to any kind of dictation from the Upper House. The representation of the people is especially a question for the Commons, and if the Lords should be seriously hostile the situation could easily become exceedingly "strained." Even the London *Times* evidently regards the position as grave, and it suggests to the Peers to begin to reform themselves. But in a Parliamentary contest which takes the form of a conflict between the Houses the aim of the Peers, who are a permanent body, is to force a dissolution and an appeal to the country, in the hope of the election of a new House of Commons which shall be in accord with them. This, however, the Commons would resist, as they would now resist any attempt of the Peers to thwart them upon any important point. Fifty years ago, when the Reform Bill was pending, the ministry were ready to "swamp the Peers" by creating enough new ones to secure a majority if they did not yield, and public opinion would sanction such a measure much more readily now than then.

The Lords, however, are not likely to prolong a struggle of this kind when they once clearly ascertain the temper of the Commons. There are too many sagacious men among them who feel how totally their position as a privileged class of hereditary legislators is at variance with the spirit of the age and with the sentiment of England. The conservative instinct and habit of that country are very strong, and they preserve old forms and ancient institutions very tenaciously so long as they do not obstruct real progress or interfere with the will of the people. The Lords as a tradition, and as an ornamental part of the Constitution, and as enormous land-holders, and often men of trained mental power and political talent, are indeed very influential. But fortunately their instinct leads them to yield when resistance means defeat and possibly change. The result of the present situation seems to us forecast. The Commons will substantially have their way.

FOREIGN MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

OUR attention in this country has naturally been diverted from the English military operations in Egypt and the French war in China. But they have continued, nevertheless. In England the official correspondence has been published. The instructions to General **WOLSELEY** state the object of his expedition to be to bring back General **GORDON** and Colonel **STEWART** safely from Khartoom without any further offensive operations than may be necessary to that end. It is not the intention of the British or the Egyptian government to undertake the government of the Nile Valley beyond Wady Halfa or the second cataract, and General **GORDON**'s order to Colonel **STEWART** to burn Berber has been countermanded. Meanwhile General **GORDON** has offered freedom and pay to slaves who desert the Mahdi, and he hopes that this will overthrow slavery in the Soudan. But the whole situation is so obscure that speculation is baffled. The orders of the government to General **WOLSELEY** show only the determination not to attempt any control beyond Egypt, a conclusion which can hardly fail to be satisfactory to public opinion in England.

In China the French are strengthening their forces in Tonquin, and speculation upon the probable issue of the situation is as futile as that about the destiny of the Soudan. Germany amicably remonstrates with France for blockading the coast of Formosa without a declaration of war, and the Chinese are expelling the Roman Catholic priests who live under French protection, and destroying their houses and possessions. How long war can be carried on without a declaration of war to enable neutrals to understand their rights and the situation remains to be seen. The ministry seem to be unwilling to ask authority of the Chambers to engage in a Chinese war, and France may well prefer to save her money and her force for other warlike enterprises if war there must be.

It is the singular good fortune of this country that its situation and its traditions preserve it from the chances of war. It has no entangling foreign alliances. It has no colonial system. It has no army to maintain, and to stimulate the military spirit by active campaigns. No state paper is more precious to us nor of greater influence than Washington's farewell address, in which the soldier of the Revolution bids us cultivate peace. There could be no greater misfortune to this country than a spirit of what is called Jingoism, a disposition to a bumptious assertion of Americanism, as if Americanism were a restless and truculent self-assertion. A firm and equable foreign policy, based upon the principle of doing justice to other powers and requiring justice from them, without irritating suspicion or bluster—this is the true American policy. The appearance of any other spirit in an administration would be the just occasion of general anxiety and apprehension.

SECRETARY McCULLOCH.

The return of Mr. McCulloch to the head of the Treasury is cordially welcomed. He is thoroughly fitted for the duties of the position, and his previous service is recalled with great satisfaction. He has the entire confidence of the business community, and all the more from the fact that he is not a politician. His experience will be of the greatest service in the position, and the President completes his cabinet circle in the most honorable and efficient way.

Judge Gresham retires to become United States Judge of the Seventh Circuit, and so withdraws from two high political stations to which he brought tried ability and unsullied character. His brief term in the Treasury was yet long enough for him to begin inquiries which his successor will doubtless continue.

Mr. McCulloch shows the truest public spirit in undertaking this great trust so near the close of an administration, when a prolonged tenure is necessarily uncertain. But he has that high sense of public duty, even when its performance requires personal sacrifice, which makes patriots. As the *Times* truly says, the position adds nothing to the Secretary's deserved honors, but his acceptance is an admirable illustration of the character of the man.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Among the excellent books which, appearing in the midst of an exciting political campaign, are likely to be overlooked is the *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, prepared by Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Scudder. The work is most carefully and affectionately done, and with great completeness it gives a full-length portrait of an American author who was exceedingly beloved by a host of friends, and whose life was a marvel of literary activity. No man of letters had ever a higher sense of the dignity and sacredness of his calling than Bayard Taylor, and our literary history shows no more striking example of the faithful cultivation of every gift and the inspiring enthusiasm of the literary life.

Taylor was the sweetest and simplest of men, of undoubted talent, of many successes, of an enormous capacity of labor, a delightful companion, a world-wide traveller, a popular lecturer, of great skill in languages, and a remarkable master of German. He was a careful student of literature, and a man of great literary ambition who accomplished much. He died, after many honors, as Minister to Germany, not an old man, but apparently suddenly, although not surprisingly, worn out. The progressive story of this life is admirably told in this book. But, upon the whole, it does not leave the impression of a happy life, notwithstanding the fortunate temperament and the apparent success. The reason as shown in the book is twofold—his lofty ambition as a poet, which was not gratified by the consciousness of adequate recognition, and the necessity of incessant literary drudgery with his pen.

Taylor was deeply dissatisfied with his early and easy success as a traveller and narrator of travels. He had a very high and serious literary aim, and nothing shows more agreeably the manly ingenuousness of his character than his willingness to put aside an unsatisfactory success in the sincere endeavor to deserve a higher and more enduring renown. Apart from its personal interest, the book has great value as a picture of the life of an American workingman of letters; and to those who knew Bayard Taylor and loved him, it is delightful to see how fresh was his heart, how generous and how gentle, to the sudden end.

A HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

The celebration of the hundredth birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore was very general both in this country and Europe, and it is a striking illustration of the happy progress of public sentiment that it was a tribute paid to a Hebrew. It would have been inconceivable to an Englishman of the time of the Edwards that the crown of England would confer knighthood upon a Jew, and that hosts of good people in all countries would unite upon his birthday in rising with affectionate reverence to call him blessed.

The name of Montefiore is that of a charitable benefactor, not to his own kindred in race and faith only, but to all men. The good man is the man who lives to do good. His opinions may be what they will. Of those we can know only what he tells us; and it is not the opinion, but the sincerity with which it is held, that concerns other men. It may be necessary, indeed, forcibly to prevent the honest carrying out of honest opinions into action. But that does not affect the esteem in which mental and moral honesty will be regarded in every enlightened community, and the example of Sir Moses Montefiore is but a signal illustration of the truth that humanity and goodness are of no creed or sect or race, and that wholesale judgments founded upon such considerations are cruelly unjust.

The event shows, as we said, happy progress. But there is, as we are all aware, plenty of further progress in the same direction still possible. Yet two such events as are recorded in these columns to-day—the honors freely, gratefully, and universally paid to a Quaker and a Jew—are harbingers of the better time, which comes surely, however slowly; and it is pleasant to think of the venerable Hebrew as looking upon the course of time in regard to his own people with the feeling which the Quaker sings:

> "That care and trial seem at last,
> Through memory's sunset air,
> Like mountain ranges overpast
> In purple distance fair.
>
> "That all the jarring notes of life
> Seem blending in a psalm,
> And all the angles of its strife
> Slow rounding into calm."

HONORS TO WHITTIER.

Among recent suggestive events none is more significant of a certain change of sentiment than the pleasant ceremony of the presentation of a portrait of John G. Whittier to the venerable "Friends' Boarding-School" in Providence. The institution is familiar to all Friends as one of the best schools in their denomination. It is charmingly situated upon the long eastward slope of the high ground that dominates the city of Providence, and upon which Brown University is situated. The school, which was formerly in the retired outskirts of the city, has seen the nearer advance of houses and streets, and although it has lost something of its rural seclusion, it still retains its groves and ample grounds, and the spirit of the school illustrates, as this incident suggests, the modifying influence of time even upon the austerity of Friends. In one of the halls there is, we believe, a grand piano, and there are busts of John Bright and Elizabeth Fry, and portraits of other famous Friends.

This shows a kindly practice of the world's people creeping in "with petty pace" among the Friends. But what could be a wiser and better conformity? What more properly stimulating to every just and generous impulse than for the young Friend to see the faces of the benefactors whom his form of religious belief has given to the world? What pleasanter than to read the tribute of the great English orator to the poet of New England, brothers in the same sweet and simple religious faith? Whittier's brother bards and old friends contributed their words of salutation and admiration and affection, and the principal of a kindred institution in Pennsylvania delivered an oration upon the character and services of the poet. Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell, the two most eminent survivors with Whittier of the recent group of New England poets, each sent his friendly greeting, Dr. Holmes a letter, and Mr. Lowell this sonnet:

> "New England's poet, rich in love as years,
> Her hills and valleys praise thee, and her brooks
> Dance to thy song; to her grave sylvan nooks
> Thy feet allure us, which the wood-thrush hears
> As maids their lovers, and no treason fears.
> Through thee her Merrimacs and Agiochooks,
> And many a name uncouth, win loving looks,
> Sweetly familiar to both Englands' ears.
> Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,
> The lily's anchorage, which no eyes behold
> Save those of stars, yet, for thy brother's sake
> That lay in bonds, thou blew'st a blast as bold
> As that wherewith the heart of Roland brake,
> Far heard through Pyrenean valleys cold."

The letter of John Bright showed how truly Whittier speaks to the heart of the older England, and John Bright's felicitous quotation of poetry in his orations proves the value of his praise. Whittier himself sent a characteristically modest and charming letter:

> "I have reached an age when flattery ceases to deceive and notoriety is a burden, and the faint shadow of literary reputation fails to hide the solemn realities of life; but a genuine token of love and good-will has no limitations of time, and is never out of place. I scarcely need, therefore, say that I highly appreciate the generous compliment paid me by my much-valued friend in placing my portrait in the old and honored institution under thy charge. I confess that I heard the first intimation of his purpose with some surprise and misgiving, as I looked back upon a life, not, indeed, without honest endeavor, yet marked by many weaknesses and errors. If, however, this gift of my friend shall testify our common interest in the Friends' school, and faith in the principles and testimonies of its founders, and if it shall serve to remind those who see it that whatever may seem worthy of commendation in the life of its original is due, not to himself, but to the divine providence which surrounded his youth and strengthened his manhood, I shall be more than satisfied. I need not say to thee, my dear friend, that although I am a Quaker by birthright and sincere convictions, I am no sectarian in the strict sense of the term. My sympathies are with the broad church of humanity. Nevertheless, if one has to be 'hung in effigy,' he may have some choice as to the place of execution; and it goes far in reconciling me to my own fate to know that the ceremony, in which I must be a passive participant, will be performed in a hall of learning of the Society of Friends."

One phrase in this letter expresses clearly the precise spirit which, by relaxing a certain rigidity among the older Friends, now adds a fresh charm to the denomination. It is the spirit to which the Providence school owes the portraits and the piano: "Although I am a Quaker by birthright and sincere conviction, I am no sectarian in the strict sense of the term." This is the tendency which softens and humanizes every religious organization, and it is the spirit which gives such tender pathos of humanity to the poetry of Whittier.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William Blaikie, author of *How to Get Strong, and How to Stay so*, the most practicable, sensible, and successful book on amateur athletics ever written, is himself a splendid specimen of the good results of the physical training which he advocates. Plastically considered, Mr. Blaikie's body would have delighted the Greeks. At Harvard College in 1866 he was captain and stroke of the winning crew, whom three years later he accompanied to England, after training them for their contest with the Oxonians. His contributions to the Harper periodicals have made him a recognized authority on athletic sports, their methods, laws, and functions. He is an enterprising member of the New York bar, and (his friends say) has not an enemy in the world. One of Blaikie's ardent beliefs is that gentlewomen would find a surprising stock of health and good spirits in gentle scientific exercise. His father is a Presbyterian minister, and in his mother's veins flows the blood of Captain King, who fought in Washington's army.

—Mrs. Belva Lockwood is a graduate of the National University Law School, and practices at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. She is counsel for more than two thousand persons who are interested in the pension law. She has defended murderers and other criminals before the most obstinate juries. Her first husband died of consumption, and her late husband was an invalid for many years previous to his departure from her side. Governor Cleveland admits his rival to be a very remarkable woman. She is about fifty, with iron-gray hair, and a pleasant, animated face.

—The grave of Richard Baxter has no stone to mark it in the chancel of Christ Church, London, and the vicar of that church asks for one hundred pounds with which to remedy the omission. "Who can doubt," he writes, "that after life's fitful fever Richard Baxter sleeps well, and that he has entered into that everlasting rest which while on earth he so wistfully contemplated and so sweetly discoursed upon? But his name belongs to the religious history of our country, and it is not well that the last resting-place of so good a man should be so entirely forgotten." Baxter's name belongs as well to the religious history of the English-speaking race, and there are thousands of Americans who gladly would honor his memory.

—The death of that intelligent and prosperous colored man James Wormley, proprietor of Wormley's Hotel at Washington, D. C., called forth many expressions of respect, which served as a fine commentary on the possibilities of the negro race in a free country. His parents were never slaves. His hotel was the regular stopping-place of hundreds of distinguished Democrats and Republicans.

—A recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* contains an interesting "interview" with Mr. Will Carleton, in which our "laureate of the scattered Western life," as he was hailed in England, gave his impressions of the Old World in a manner that showed that he had travelled with his eyes open. Mr. Carleton has just returned home from an extended tour in Europe.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* regards Carleton as one of the most original of American poets. "It has been given to him," it says, "to impart to American poetic literature something of the native color and vigor which has been wanting in the works of other American poets. Longfellow caught some of the local spirit in 'Hiawatha,' and Lowell has been peculiarly happy in the quaint touches of local character and humor which distinguish his 'Biglow Papers' from all other verse whatsoever. But the great bulk of American poetic literature bears the English impress, follows English lines of thought, and echoes English sentiment. Mr. Carleton's work does not present these leading features. His lyre is not of the loftiest, but his inspiration is essentially a home product."

—The late Lord Lytton to his wife after the birth of their daughter: "Do not let a being, however dear it necessarily will and ought to be to you, but which is only just come into the world, in which I for three years have known and loved you—do not let it be as dear to you as one who has given, and will give, you proofs of affection which that can not for many years equal, and which it can never excel. That a creature hitherto without sense, knowledge, feeling, attachment, should at once become dearer to you than I am, I do not and will not believe. If it were the case, one of us would, indeed, be utterly unworthy of the other."

—Arabi Pasha, the celebrated Egyptian exile, is of noble carriage and lofty stature. His intelligent face is surrounded by a long black beard, his lips are not thick, and his forehead is not low. He converses with the ease and pleasantness of a cultivated gentleman, and praises "the extraordinary energy" of General Gordon. He lives in Ceylon with his wives and his children in luxurious captivity. Egypt, he says, is too near Europe, too directly in contact with modern ideas, to permit of her being subjugated to a state of vassalage like that of the principalities of the Rajahs.

—M. Max O'Rell has ascertained that when a French woman marries, her good time begins; but when an English woman marries, hers comes to an end. "The French woman," he adds, "is more graceful and piquant than the English woman, but less wholesome and fresh. Her eyes are brighter, her mouth is much prettier, and her waist more shapely; but her skin is not so white, and much less firm. Pedestrianism and baths, these are the secret of English women's health."

—Fifteen years ago Sir Moses Montefiore, then eighty-five years old, was walking in a little garden in Ramsgate, on the coast of England. Near a noble tomb were one filled grave and an empty one. A friend who accompanied him asked, "Why this empty grave?" "That is for me," replied the philanthropist; "in the other lies my wife. Her soul is with me still, as she was with me in life. She was my guiding-star, and now looks down upon me."

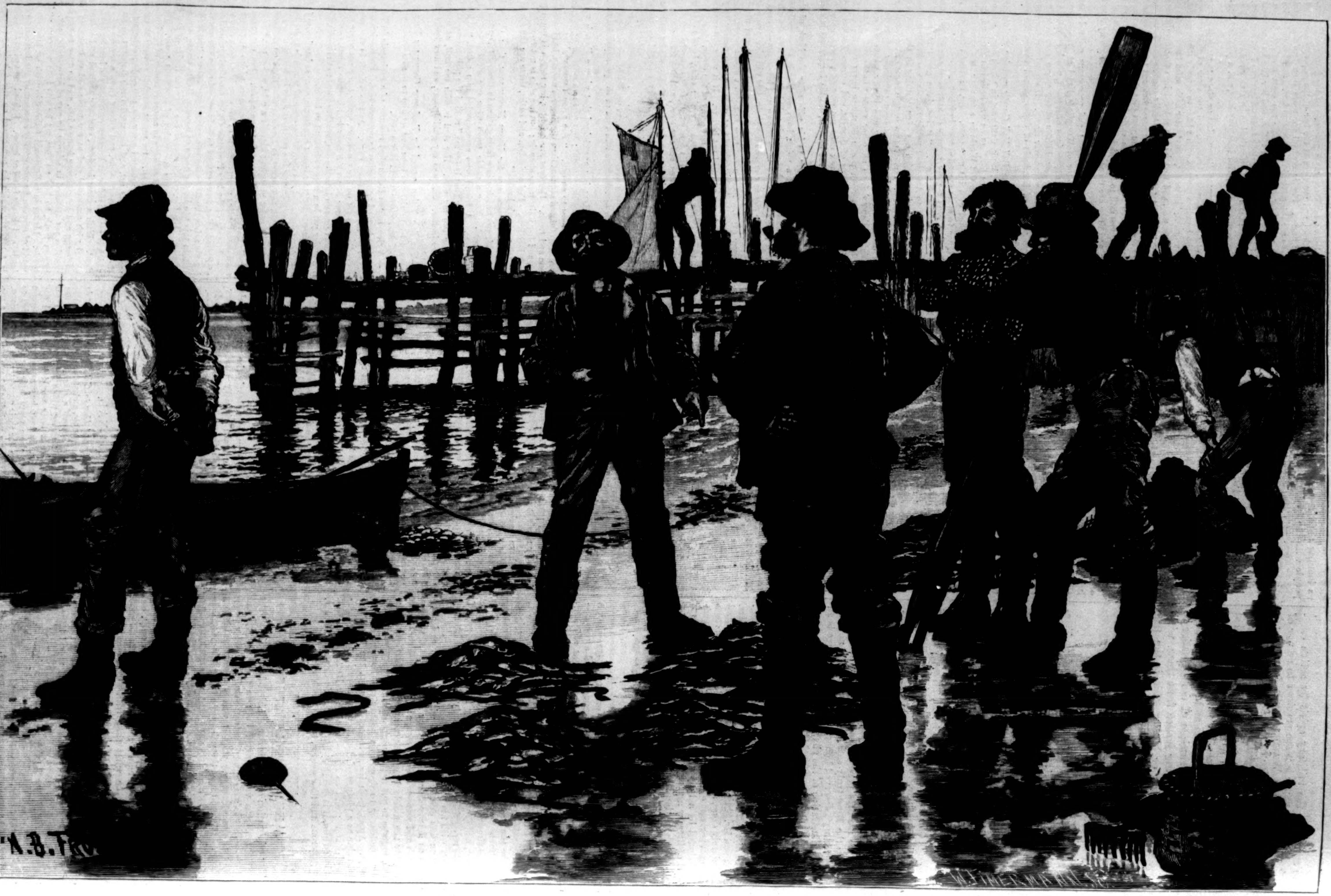
—The fine Titian owned by Professor Cornelius Felton of Harvard University has been lent by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it will stay a year.

—A rich Indian Rajah died recently of a carbuncle in France. His suite begged permission to cremate him. Permission was obtained by telegraph from Paris. At two o'clock in the morning the coffin was set on fire out-doors, under the great white cliffs of Étretat. In four hours the body had become ashes, one-third of which was thrown into the sea, another third to the winds, and the remainder put in a vase to be sent to India.

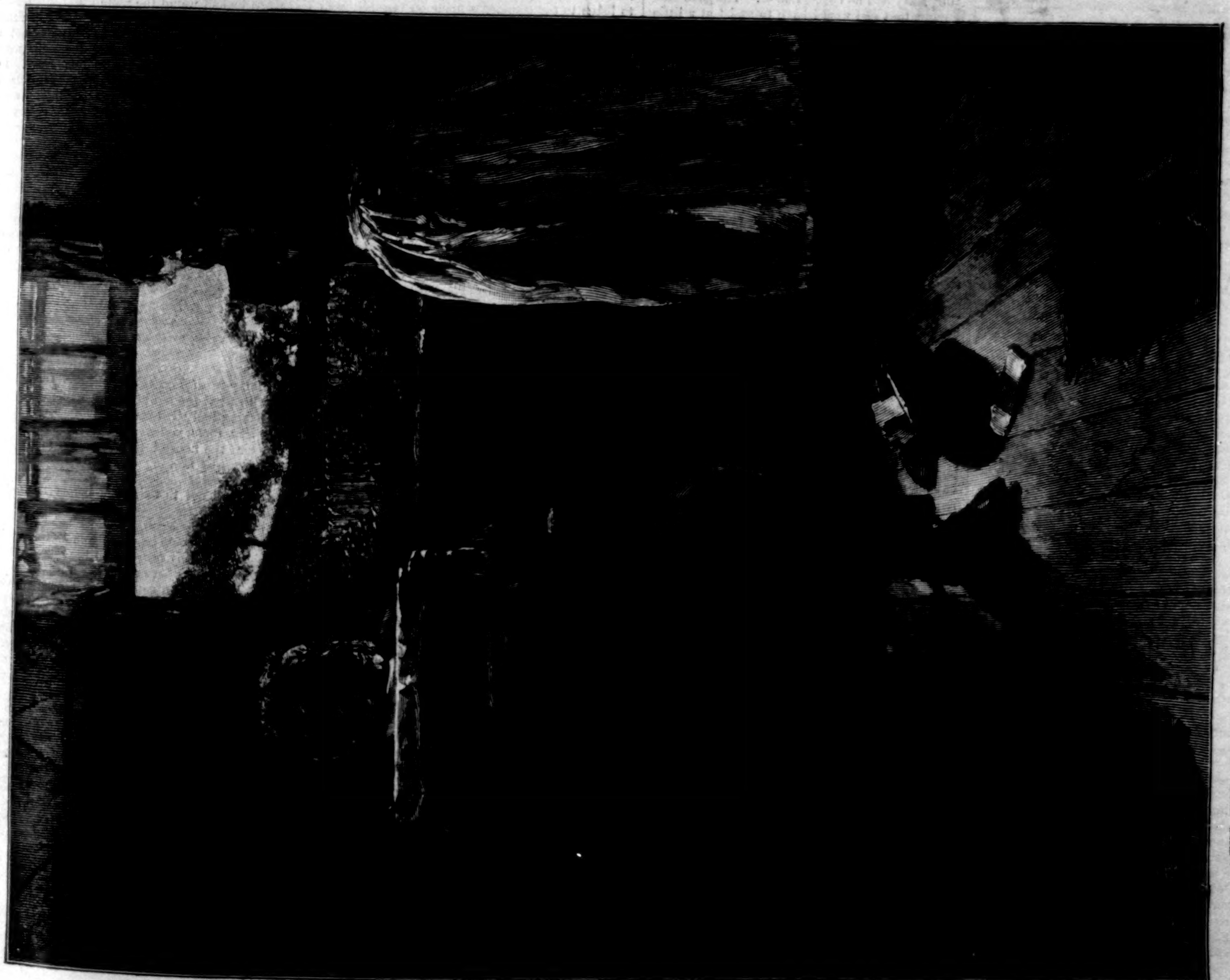
—Professor Huxley is not handsome, save as handsome is that handsome does, but his daughters—one of whom is to be married next spring—are among the prettiest girls in London.

—George H. Boughton, in his delightful book on Holland, does a grave injustice in calling himself a cold, sad cynic. If he is a cynic at all, he is the merriest one afloat. His conversation is usually flavored with that dash of sarcasm which Anthony Trollope described as characteristic of his own ideal man and woman.

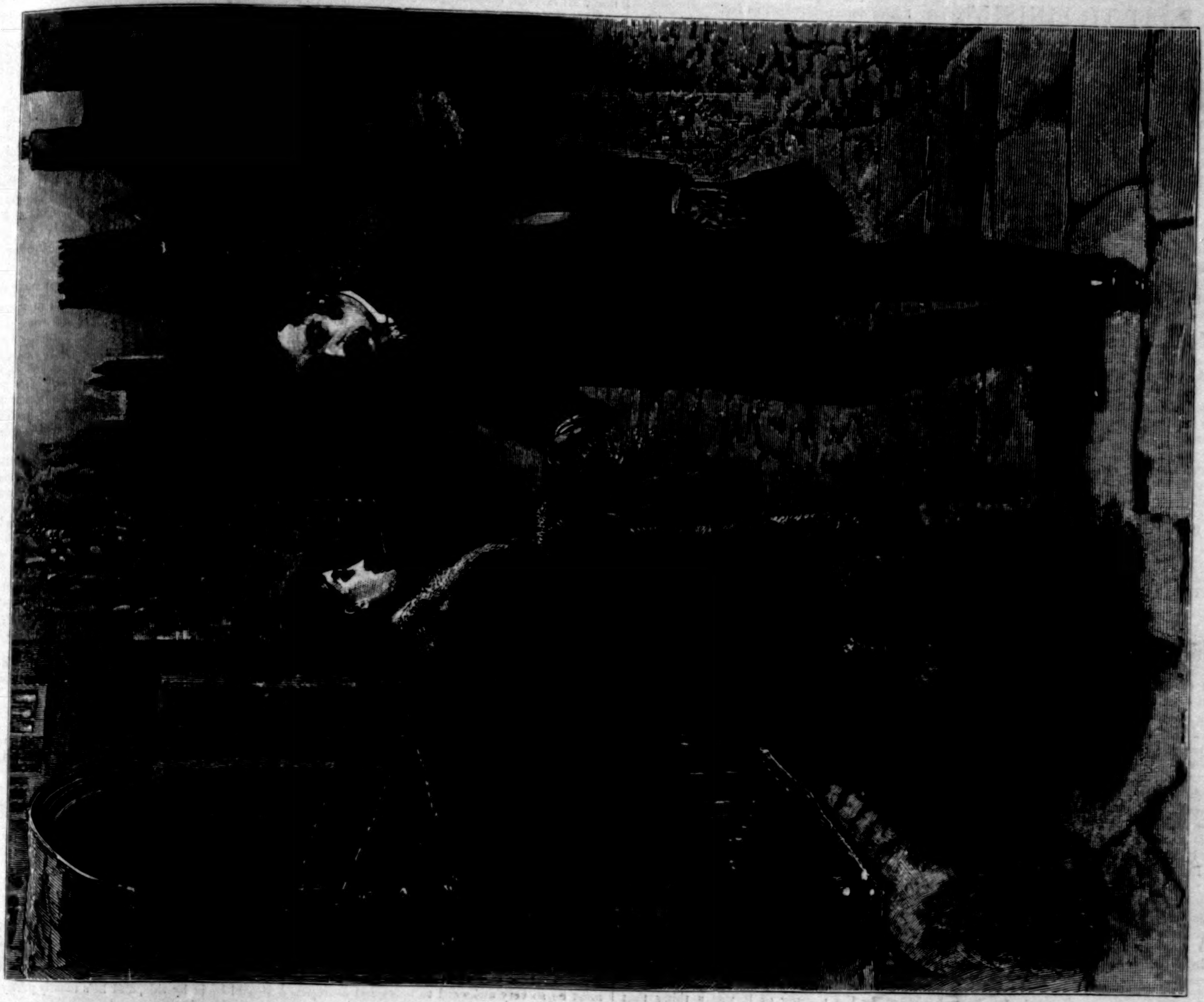
—Friends of the late Professor Gross, the distinguished surgeon of Philadelphia, have caused to be inscribed upon the urn containing his ashes the following interesting inscription: "In Memoriam. Within this urn lie the ashes of Samuel David Gross, a master in surgery. His life, which neared the extreme limits of the Psalmist, was one unbroken succession of laborious years. He filled chairs in four medical colleges in as many States of the Union, and added lustre to them all. He recast surgical science as taught in North America, formulated anew its principles, enlarged its domain, added to its art, and imparted fresh impetus to its study. He composed many books, and among them a system of surgery which is read in different tongues wherever the healing art is practiced. With a great intellect, carefully trained and balanced, he aimed with undivided zeal at the noble end of lessening human suffering and lengthening human life, and so rose to the highest position yet attained in science by any of his countrymen. Resolute in truth, he had no fear, yet he was both tolerant and charitable. Living in enlightened fellowship with all laborers in the world of science, he was greatly honored by the learned in foreign lands, and deeply loved at home. Behind the veil of this life there is a mystery which he penetrated on the 6th day of May, 1884. His memory shall exhort, and his example shall encourage and persuade, those who come after him to emulate deeds which, great in themselves, were all crowned by the milk-white flower of a stainless life."



LONG ISLAND FISHERMEN—"DIVIDING UP."—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 737.]



"THE WEEKLY MAIL."—From a Painting by W. T. Smedley, in Possession of Thomas Benedict Clarke, Esq.



"JOHN THORNDYKE ESCORTED HER TO THE DOOR BARE-HEADED."—[See Serial "From Post to Finish," Page 736.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GERALD'S IDENTITY PROCLAIMED.

We are most of us blessed with spinster aunts. I am not speaking ironically of that acidulated maiden lady who, in consideration of having money to leave behind her, deems herself entitled both to cross-examine us about our doings, and lecture us severely should they not meet her approval, but of one of those dear old ladies who are pleased with small attentions, who take the greatest interest in the careers of all the family, who keep up a desultory correspondence with every branch of it, and are always doing small kindnesses to some of "the failures" amongst us. They invariably know more about the family as a whole than any one, and are usually, in some occult way, among the first to hear of any good or evil that may have befallen us. Ellen Rockingham had an aunt of the latter type, whom she regarded as a real infliction. Aunt Mary, Mrs. Rockingham's elder sister, was a sweet-tempered, chatty old lady, with a modest independence and a large circle of acquaintance, amongst whom she was extremely popular. Moving, as she did, from one country house to another, and living when in London in quiet apartments in the vicinity of Portman Square, she was always quite *au fait* with all the current topics of the day, to say nothing of its gossip. Ellen was one of the few people who didn't get on with Aunt Mary, and the cause of discord was Ellen's extreme religious views. Miss Stacey was quite orthodox, but very conventional in her worship. The old lady was quite content with going to church once on the Sabbath, and deemed it no great sin to indulge in forty winks during the sermon. She was quiet and unostentatious in her little charities, and perhaps did no great good in her life, but then she assuredly did many little kindnesses and no harm. Aunt Mary a little laughed at Ellen's night schools and plans for the elevation of the bucolic mind, and thought that the Cranley people infinitely preferred their Christmas coals and blankets to drowsy discourses, and the shrewd practical help in time of trouble of the late Rector to the methodistical teaching and stern rebukes for improvidence that the present Incumbent so delighted to administer. Of course Aunt Mary was right. Humanity does prefer a shilling and a kindly word to the shilling with the addenda of a severe lecture on the want of thrift that necessitates the need of it.

Now Aunt Mary, in the expansiveness of her nature, when she heard of Alister Rockingham's death and the ruin that followed, had written promptly to her sister, and proposed that she and Ellen should make their home with her, a proposition which was kindly but firmly rejected. Still, Aunt Mary naturally took the keenest interest in the fallen fortunes of her sister. Some of the sunniest days of her life had been passed at Cranley, and she had entertained a most sincere affection for her brother-in-law. That Aunt Mary maintained a constant correspondence with St. Leonard's Place may easily be imagined, and she was therefore fully informed of Gerald's mysterious disappearance. She knew how uneasy his mother and sister were about him, but what she did not know was the change his father's death had wrought in Gerald. The last time she saw her nephew he had been a bright, laughter-loving boy, but the stern compulsion of earning his own living, and the knowledge that his mother and sister must depend upon him for those luxuries which were almost necessities for women brought up as they had been, had hardened his character and transformed him at one bound into a man. The small income derived from the few thousands settled on Mrs. Rockingham at her marriage was all that she and Ellen had left to them, and Gerald was very anxious to supplement that to some extent.

Mixing a good deal in society, Miss Stacey was not very long before she heard the mysterious Jim Forrest talked about. People, indeed, began to be very full of this little romance after Goodwood. From the club smoking-rooms the story of the gentleman who had turned professional jockey speedily spread all through the London world, and many curious eyes were bent on the lad's dark face from among the brilliant throng that crowded the grand stand at the great Ducal meeting. Still, Jim escaped recognition on that occasion, but the attention that had now been drawn to him made it, as Farrington had warned him, quite impossible that he could do so much longer.

Ere the October meetings were over at Newmarket he had been recognized by some Yorkshire gentlemen as young Gerald Rockingham, and the fact was soon noised all over the Heath. The first intimation Gerald received that his *incognito* was at an end came from Lord Whitby. The news had reached the ears of that sporting but choleric old peer, and happening to encounter Gerald shortly afterward in the Birdcage, he astonished him not a little by holding out his hand and exclaiming, "I shall be proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rockingham. I knew your poor father well, and a better, kinder-hearted fellow never breathed. Gad! I admire your pluck, and, by Jove! you're likely to do what neither your father nor myself ever did—make money out of racing."

"I had to do something for myself, Lord Whitby," replied Gerald, as he shook hands; "and bar ride and shoot, there seemed nothing I could do. I have done pretty well so far."

"Pretty well! I should think you had. The way you got Pibroch home at Goodwood would have been a credit to any of the old hands. Damme, I'll give you a turn myself before long. I can trust you because you are one of us; but, for all that, don't back your mount when you don my colors. My horses never can win, somehow."

"Jim Forrest" thanked his lordship, but, for all that, he did not particularly covet any of his riding. The irascible peer was notorious on the turf for his persistent bad luck, and his violent outbursts of temper in consequence. It was not the money, for he was enormously wealthy, and, to do him justice, nobody cared less about money than Lord Whitby, but he did hate being beaten. In the first tempest of his wrath at defeat—and horses will at times fail to do what is expected of them—he was wont to cast round for some scapegoat upon whom the cause of his disappointment might be properly fathered. Obviously his trainer and jockey stood out as the proper recipients of his ever strongly expressed feelings on such occasions, and no man on the turf had changed his trainers and jockeys so often as Lord Whitby. It struck Jim at once that a ride on one of his lordship's nameless horses might be productive of much unpleasantness, albeit he had done his very best by his mount. His not naming his colts was another idiosyncrasy of the hot-tempered though kind-hearted nobleman.

That the mysterious Jim Forrest is none other than the son of Alister Rockingham, who died a ruined man at the commencement of the year, stricken to the death by his terrible losses over the Phaeton Ledger, is a tale that spreads like wild-fire through the clubs and amidst country houses, and it is not long before Aunt Mary, sojourning in one of these latter, is made aware of it, her informant having no suspicion that Miss Stacey was the aunt of this young Centaur who had just appeared above the turf horizon. Aunt Mary was thunder-struck; she hardly knew for some hours what to think of it. That a Rockingham should be getting his living in such fashion seemed terrible in the old lady's eyes, but at the same time she could not but admire the way in which her feather-pated nephew had met the shock of disaster, and then again Aunt Mary had lived too much in the horse-loving country and amongst racing men not to feel a wee bit proud of his deeds of "derring do" in the saddle. No need to laugh at the word, though it is only the initiated of the race-course who comprehend the nerve, head, and hands it requires to come round Tattenham Corner "on the rails."

Aunt Mary, on the receipt of this news, hurried up to her bedroom to think it all out. Firstly, had Mrs. Rockingham and Ellen the faintest idea of what Gerald was doing—it was some weeks since she had heard from them; and secondly, what were they all to do about it? That Gerald had taken his life into his own hands, and was little likely to listen to what kith or kin said concerning the manner of it, was a thing that Aunt Mary had no conception of. The good soul thought that she would have to assist at a little family council, consisting of herself, her sister, and her niece, at which whether it was possible for Gerald to continue this—well, she would call it eccentric freak—might be calmly debated; and, actuated by that impression, made up her mind to write to York at once. The only question was whether it were best to write to Mrs. Rockingham or Ellen. She was quite aware that she did not quite hit it off with her niece; but then she was quite alive to her being a very much stronger character than her mother. Still, Aunt Mary could not help thinking that Ellen would be very much shocked at the calling it had pleased her brother to adopt. It might be lucrative; he might be a great success in it; but surely it was rather *infra dig.* for a Rockingham to be riding race-horses for hire.

She knew that, though Ellen was no doubt sincere in her Calvinistic doctrines, humility entered but smally into her profession of faith. She judged rightly that her niece would carry her head high as ever in adversity, being quite aware that Ellen was as proud a girl as ever stepped. She felt pretty sure that Mrs. Rockingham and her daughter must be still in ignorance of this caprice—so Aunt Mary called it to herself—of Gerald's. Still, it was only right that they should be made acquainted with it, now poor Alister was gone. Gerald had nobody to look to for advice but his mother and aunt; and a boy of eighteen required some guidance in shaping his life.

Ah! Aunt Mary, you don't know that boys with any grit in them settle these things best for themselves, and without much reference to their womenkind.

So Aunt Mary sat down and indited a letter to her niece, in which she told the story of Gerald's career as far as she had been able to learn it. There were plenty of people who were able to narrate the history of Jim Forrest; but Miss Stacey was a little shy in her inquiries if she thought people the least aware that she was that rising horseman's aunt. Still, so much was it the topic of conversation that in a few days she had got over all sensitiveness on that point. The men—and their opinion does count for something in the long-run—were pretty well unanimous in their admiration both of his pluck and his horsemanship.

"When a fellow's ruined, by Jove! you know, what's a fellow to do?" observed the Hon. Bob Maxley, who, having reached that same crisis some ten years previously, had lived comfortably on his friends and relations ever since. "He's quite right to see if he can't get back some of the money the confounded beggars took from his father"—a speech which, though a little incoherent, insomuch as that the book-makers who follow the *figures* should in the long-run invariably get the best of the backers who follow their *fancies*, simply meant that Alister Rockingham had shared the fate that has attended so many all through a backing of the favorite.

Even the women for the most part seemed to think there was nothing derogatory in the line Gerald had taken up. It was so eccentric!—it was so romantic! Then he was a success!—and women love success. He was quite a lion; and they love that still more. Then, again, he was said to be good-looking, and tongues were wagging much about him; and finally, when Lady Di Franton declared she would bring up her youngest boy to the same profession, Aunt Mary altogether succumbed before the verdict of that sporting peeress, and wished now that she had unfolded the tale of Gerald's iniquity in less despondent fashion.

We are all influenced more or less by the opinions of our fellows—women more especially—and with good reason, for none of them can afford to ignore any combined opinion of their own sex. Aunt Mary suddenly found herself quite a person of some little importance, simply owing to her relationship with the fashionable jockey. That all this should produce a complete reaction in Aunt Mary's opinion was only natural. Upon first hearing of Gerald's career she had felt not a little ashamed; now, as might have been expected, she waxed rather garrulous concerning it, and pronounced his conduct noble, nay, heroic; confided to her hearers that her nephew was the grandest horseman this or any other age had seen; and then proceeded to recount sundry of his youthful exploits on his pony with the York and Ainstey, or over the Cranley pastures.

At length Aunt Mary received a reply to her letter. Ellen's answer ran as follows:

"My dear Aunt,—You know how anxious we have been about Gerald and what he was doing; but even that anxiety was easier to bear than the dreadful tidings you sent us. How he can have so utterly forgotten what he owes to his family as to accept such employment as you talk of would be beyond my comprehension but for one thing. He is the victim at present of an unfortunate entanglement with a young person, the daughter of a man of that class; and though, in the first instance, I looked upon it as a mere boyish flirtation, I fear it is likely to end much more seriously.

"I fancy I can hear you say, 'You don't mean he is thinking of marrying her?' Yes, my dear aunt, I am very much afraid that is what he will do, in spite of all our remonstrances. You don't know how Gerald has altered of late. He has become so hard and obstinate, and takes his own way about things without reference to mamma or me. That the strange career he has adopted was at this young woman's suggestion I have no doubt; that our united persuasions will fail to induce him to abandon it I have also no doubt, and yet surely it is our duty to try what we can do.

"Here Gerald's dreadful secret is as yet unknown; but for you, Aunt Mary, how I pity you! I wonder how you ever dare face society. It must be so very awkward to be stared at as the near relative of a professional jockey, or to have to listen to the comments made on Gerald's conduct by those ignorant of the relationship. Our ruin, except for mamma's sake, I felt but little, and can not help saying that I think Gerald might have spared us this disgrace. I will send you his address as soon as I know it; and you will write to him, won't you? It is our duty to do all we can to save him from the life of degradation he has chosen.

"Good-by. Kindest love from mamma, who, like myself, is quite upset by this new affliction.

"Ever, dear Aunt Mary,
"Your affectionate niece,
"Ellen Rockingham."

The news that Gerald meant to marry among those of his vocation was a blow Miss Stacey was quite unprepared for. She knew very well that though society in its caprice might applaud "Jim Forrest" the successful jockey, and even make a lion of him, they would not recognize his wife if she sprang from that class; and then Aunt Mary pictured a buxom young woman with hoydenish manner, as unlike Dollie as possible, and knit her brows as she wondered what the family would be able to make of her. However, she reflected, Gerald was only just nineteen, and Ellen probably overrated his obstinacy. When he was seriously talked to by them all, he would no doubt see that this could not be. Boys did get engaged in this ridiculous fashion sometimes, but nothing ever came of it. Gerald's offending would terminate, no doubt, in the usual fashion.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ELLEN CONSULTS JOHN THORNDYKE.

Her letter to Aunt Mary barely conveyed Ellen's real view on the subject of Gerald's offending. She really could not have been more horrified at hearing her brother was somebody's stud groom: a most respectable and trustworthy position, no doubt, but not one that any girl, born a lady, could feel anything but shocked at finding her brother holding. She racked her brain as to what was to be done. That anything she, her mother, or her aunt could say would turn him from his course she utterly disbelieved; but that he was to be left to continue such a disgraceful calling without stern remonstrance on the part of his near relatives Ellen thought would be monstrous, and argue disgraceful neglect of a mere boy on their part. But who was to speak to him? Ah! that was not quite so easy to say. There were plenty of people, no doubt, who might speak, but to whom of them was Gerald likely to pay the slightest attention? To those related or connected with him, Miss Rockingham made answer to herself—None.

Then Ellen had an inspiration—what if she should ask John Thorndyke to expostulate with him? She did not herself at all hold with those very Broad Church views which characterized the Rector of St. Margaret's, but her common-sense told her that, could they be brought together, this was the man of all others to talk to her brother about the disgrace he was bringing upon his family. And yet she felt a little shy about entering into family affairs with Mr. Thorndyke. Still, to whom was she to speak? Something must be done, and at once, and if any one could appeal to Gerald with some chance of success, the liberal-minded and whilom sporting Rector—for he owned freely and mirthfully to that backsliding—was, she thought, the man to do it. Miss Rockingham had seen a good deal of John Thorndyke lately, and had conceived a great respect and esteem for him. She still held that his bold views and frank outspoken treatment of things religious savored of want of reverence, yet she was fain to confess that she could not call Mr. Thorndyke himself irreverent, while she acknowledged that the man was thoroughly honest and in earnest. If his treatment of his parishioners was, to say the best of it, peculiar in her eyes, she knew that he nevertheless worked hard amongst them, and had undoubtedly won their confidence and regard, while those short stirring addresses, with a good deal of sting in them too, at times, she saw roused the congregation in a manner that she looked in vain for elsewhere. Miss Rockingham wondered at times whether Mr. Thorndyke might not understand how to influence men's hearts better than Mr. Brushley, who, though he preached at considerable length, was wont to have a soporific effect on his hearers. She was still a constant attendant in the latter's church, and took no inconsiderable part in the work of that parish, but in this her hour of trouble it was John Thorndyke whose help she determined to seek, and not that of the clergyman of her election. Ellen felt instinctively that Gerald would listen with scant patience to an appeal from Mr. Brushley, but thought somehow with John Thorndyke it might be different.

It was a cold, raw November day that Ellen, wrapped in furs, relics of her former grandeur, of the time when she was Miss Rockingham of Cranley Chase, made her way across the city in the direction of Walmgate Bar.

The parish of St. Margaret's clustered round the splendid old gate which, with barbican and portcullis, dominates the Hull road, standing in rather a poor-looking part of the city, tenanted in great measure by the artisan class. Ellen had never been to Mr. Thorndyke's house before, but had no difficulty in finding it, there being plenty of people ready to point out where t' parson lived. In answer to her inquiry Miss Rockingham was informed that Mr. Thorndyke was out, but would probably be in before many minutes. Would she step in and wait?

"I'll show you into the study, if you'll excuse it, miss," said the servant-girl, in response to Ellen's assent. "There is no fire in the drawing-room, and it's a raw morning. Master said he should be in by this, and he's mostly pretty close to his time."

Ellen looked round the room with the curiosity we all feel upon first seeing the sanctum of any one in whom we feel interested. It was not a large room by any means, and the walls were lined from top to bottom with book-cases. In the centre stood a writing-table, not a gimcrack dandified davenport, but a large, serviceable oaken one, covered with dark leather, and well garnished with drawers. Another plain, square table in the window, a comfortable arm-chair on either side of the fire-place, and a few other chairs scattered about, pretty well completed the furniture of the apartment. The tops of the book-cases were decorated with the busts of some of the most illustrious Greek and English poets—Æschylus and Homer, Shakespeare and Milton, etc.—while the book-cases contained a *mélange* that would have misled any one studying their contents considerably as to the position in the world occupied by their proprietor. Rows of the Greek dramatists and of the English classics clothed the shelves on the one side of the room, while on the other was a nearly complete edition of the "Racing Calendar," works on farming, treatises on angling, beginning with Izaak Walton, and then going down to what the more modern writers on scientific fishing had written on the subject. Judging from that room, you would have pronounced the master of the house a scholar and a sportsman, but there was nothing suggestive that he was a clergyman.

Ellen had not to wait long before Thorndyke entered.

"Charmed to see you, Miss Rockingham, though I regret that I should have kept you waiting. Still, I am glad that my people had the *nous* to show you into a room where there was a fire."

"I have come to consult you about a rather painful business," said Ellen, as she shook hands.

"I am sorry to hear it," replied Thorndyke; "but don't be in a hurry. Take your own time to tell me what your trouble is. I need scarcely say you are welcome to any advice or assistance I can give. Nothing the matter with Mrs. Rockingham, I trust?"

"No, thank you; my mother is quite well. It is about my brother that I wish to speak to you."

John Thorndyke made no reply, but quietly dropped into the arm-chair opposite Ellen, and waited for her to begin. He knew at once that she had at last discovered how Gerald was earning his bread, and from what the Rector knew of Miss Rockingham's feelings on such points, guessed that the discovery was a cruel mortification to her.

"You know how anxious we were to find out where my brother was, and what he was doing; we have heard at last, and, oh! Mr. Thorndyke, it's too dreadful—too disgraceful! He is getting his living as a common jockey!"

"Not quite that, Miss Rockingham, for he is already eminent in the profession of his adoption.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

You must forgive me neither feeling surprised nor shocked at what you tell me. I have known it some time. I don't know why, but last August, at Durnford's, when Farrington told us the history of Jim Forrest, I jumped to the conclusion that he was your brother. Still, it was not till a couple of months later that I found my surmise was correct, and the confirmation of it came in a letter Farrington wrote to Durnford, in which he said, 'Fancy, my gentleman jockey, the Jim Forrest I told you about, turns out to be the brother of that handsome Miss Rockingham whom I met at your house last summer.'"

"Yes; my aunt wrote word that the story was in every one's mouth. Poor Aunt Mary! No doubt she hardly dare go out for fear of being pointed at as the lady who has got a professional jockey for a nephew."

"Quite the reverse, I imagine, from what I hear. There is something so romantic in the idea of a son recovering from the quicksands of the turf the argosy his father lost therein that your brother, Miss Rockingham, if he chose, might be the lion of the day. Titled and fashionable ladies would compete for his company at their table; but I am told he lives the life of an anchorite, and is not to be wooed from his seclusion by mere 'cakes and ale,' or 'ginger hot i' the mouth.'"

"Mr. Thorndyke!" cried Ellen, rising indignantly; "I come to you in my trouble, and you jeer at me—make a jest of what assuredly is no jesting matter to me."

"Miss Rockingham," said the Rector, quietly, but with a sternness the girl had never encountered before in his manner, "I am not in the habit of jeering at people who come to me in their hour of sorrow. My office brings before me too many tales of real suffering that I am powerless to alleviate not to leave me tender-hearted and, I trust, sympathetic. If I have treated your trouble somewhat lightly, it is because it is imaginary. I have told you what I firmly believe to be the truth concerning it. Your brother is not held by the world to have disgraced himself, but, on the contrary, to have distinguished himself, and might, if he chose, be the lion of the hour."

"You can't really mean this, Mr. Thorndyke!" cried Ellen, perfectly agasp at such an utterly new reading of Gerald's conduct.

"Indeed I do. I look upon it that the world generally have the good sense to recognize the pluck and independent spirit that led your brother to turn to and support himself in the manner he best might, instead of sponging on his friends for the miserable bread of indolence. Remember, Miss Rockingham, that it is not given to all of us to follow the path in life we would have fain chosen for ourselves."

"And I counted upon you to speak to him, and point out the disgrace he was bringing upon his name and family," murmured Ellen.

"But I don't see that he is doing anything of the kind," rejoined Thorndyke. "Although I have no plea on which to intrude my advice upon your brother, still, had he fallen into vicious courses or amongst evil associates, I would have done your bidding, Miss Rockingham. Gerald is leading a healthful life, and following a profession that requires energy, abstinence, and self-control. A young fellow can go through no better discipline; the worst of it is it's a little too severe, and apt to produce a reaction resulting in a very Capua of self-indulgence."

"And you don't think we ought to remonstrate with him?" exclaimed Ellen, in a state of unmitigated surprise at the view Mr. Thorndyke took of her brother's proceedings.

"I think you had better leave Gerald to himself. From the independence of character he has already shown, I should say he has taken his future into his own hands, and is little likely to brook remonstrance or advice from any one."

"I don't know what to think about it," rejoined Ellen, sadly.

"Miss Rockingham, let me tell you a little story," said the Rector, quietly. "When I was at the University there was a young fellow there from whom great things were expected in the future. He was not only amongst the foremost in the cricket field, and devoted to all kinds of sport, but he stood high in the estimation of the dons besides, for he worked, as he played, with all his might, and fought his way upward till he was not only in the University Eleven, but had taken high honors to boot. The bar was the career he had marked out for himself, and he was about to leave the University and commence the pursuit of fortune in that arduous profession, when the sudden death of his father changed the whole current of his life. His father was a quiet country clergyman, who died leaving behind him a shy, delicate widow and an invalid daughter, besides this young fellow at college. The mother, as those shy, sensitive women always do, trembled at the bare idea of transplantation, whilst the daughter was equally dismayed at the idea of facing a new world. Where they were they knew every one; they had numerous friends even amongst the trades-people. The late Rector had been very popular, and at the earnest request of the parishioners, backed by the strong testimonials in his favor of the authorities of his college, the Bishop offered the living to his son, proposing to put a curate in charge till such time as the son could get ordained, and otherwise qualify. Whether he did rightly or no is not for me to say, but my friend, after taking one night to think over it, accepted the Bishop's offer. It was the one way he could keep a comfortable home, much less the home they were attached to, over the heads of his mother and sister. You may say he had no right to embrace so sacred a vocation without feeling a decided call for it. He acted as he thought right. He sacrificed himself for those nearest and dearest to him, and from the moment he elected to take up the cross, abandoned all those pursuits of which hitherto he had been so passionately fond, as incompatible with his new profession. Like your brother, Miss Rockingham, he was compelled to embark in a career not of his own electing; but whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might, and has ever labored honestly and conscientiously to do his duty in that path of life to which it pleased God—not himself, mind—to call him. A man, I hold, can do no more."

John Thorndyke became silent, and was apparently absorbed in reverie. Ellen broke the stillness by never a word.

At last she spoke.

"Mr. Thorndyke, you are wiser and better than I, and I beg your pardon for troubling you with my foolish pride. Your story—for of course it is your own—is strangely like my brother's; but —but you had the alternative of—I can't help saying it—embracing the profession of a gentleman; while poor Gerald—"

"Had to embrace a more healthy, lucrative, and, to him, congenial career. Pray don't distress yourself about your brother, Miss Rockingham. You will find most men and women whose opinion is worth having, ay, and worldly people too, will indorse my opinion, and admire your brother's pluck and independence."

"I hope we may get used to it in time," replied Ellen, with just a slight shake in her voice—for this really was a serious trouble to the girl—"and that Aunt Mary may not find it a serious annoyance in society. And now I must say good-by, with many apologies for trespassing so long upon your good-nature. "Only one question more," she added, softly. 'I trust your mother and sister are happy?"

"They have both been at rest now some years, Miss Rockingham; but that their last days on earth were tranquil was an inexpressible consolation to me. Good-by."

John Thorndyke escorted her to the door bareheaded; and, as Ellen walked home, she thought about the Rector of St. Margaret's in a way she never had yet. He had become a hero in her eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"DIVIDING UP."

Our artist gives on page 734 an illustration of a practice common among the Long Island fishermen. When a party of them return from a day's fishing, the united catch is divided as fairly as possible into as many piles as there are members of the party. Then, in order that there may be no dispute over the distribution of the several piles, one of the men is placed with his back to the catch, while another points first to one heap and then another, calling out, "Who takes this?" At each call the "blind" man names one of the party, who takes the designated lot without a word. This goes on until the whole catch is distributed. There is no appeal from the decision, and it is very rare that any disputes arise over this method of dividing up.

SELF-PROTECTION OF PLANTS.

Plants have several methods of protecting themselves from assault, among which is that of secreting an acrid poison in their leaves. In the *Ranunculaceæ* this secretion is a virulent poison, and half an ounce of that secreted by the celery-leaved buttercup would kill a dog. The root of an Indian species of this order is used in the Himalayas to poison arrows for tiger-shooting. It is said that tramps use the leaves of the common buttercup, as well as those of the celery-leaved kind, "to produce blisters on their limbs in order to excite compassion." The reason why ferns grow in such unmolested profusion is that they are steeped in *tannin*, a substance very much disliked by all animals. Another most effectual means of protection adopted by plants is the secretion of a sticky substance on their stems, in which ants and other unwelcome insects are caught. The writer mentions a curious example of sagacity in connection with this sticky substance. The amphibious *Persicaria*, which grows both on land and water, only secretes the sticky matter when growing on land, as if quite aware that the water was sufficient protection from creeping insects.

Even the milky juices exuded by the leaves of the common lettuce, milk-thistle, etc., may be frequently ranked among the defensive arrangements of plants. Kerner narrates some experiments he made, which prove that ants and other insects crawling over such leaves soon get glued down by the milky exudations produced by the claws of their tiny feet. His experiments were made with *Lactuca angustana* and *Lactuca sativa*. He says: "No sooner had the ants reached the uppermost leaves, or the peduncles and the involucral bracts, than at each moment the terminal hooks of their feet cut through the epiderm, and from the little clefts thus made milky juice immediately began to flow. Not only the feet of the ants, but the hinder parts of their bodies, were soon bedrabbled with the white fluid; and if the ants, as was frequently the case, bit into the tissue of the epiderm in self-defense, their organs of mastication also at once became coated over with the milky juice. By this the ants were much impeded in their movements, and in order to rid themselves of the annoyance to which they were subjected, drew their feet through their mouth, and tried also to clear the hinder part of their body from the juice with which it was smeared. The movements, however, which accompanied these efforts simply resulted in the production of new fissures in the epiderm, and fresh discharges of milky juice, so that the position of the ants became each moment worse and worse. Many of them now tried to escape by getting as best they might to the edge of the leaf, and letting themselves fall from thence to the ground. Some succeeded, but others tried this method of escape too late, for the air soon hardened the milky juice into a tough brown substance, and after this all the strugglings of the ants to free themselves from the viscid matter were in vain. Their movements became gradually fewer and weaker, until finally they ceased altogether, and the dead animals were left adhering to the involucre or the uppermost branches.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

This is an era of great deference to artistic taste or fancy. Queen Anne houses jostle one another in this country now, whereas ten years ago you would have had to walk a long way to find one. New England has again taken to andirons as a means of warming herself—those of old-fashioned bell-metal preferred, though the newly manufactured and more brassy fire-dogs have to supply a large part of the great demand. Near Yorkville Police Court an old German *Gasthaus*, or tavern, is furnished throughout with real antiquities from the father-land. In Paris an outshoot of the public taste is a "Convicts' Tavern," of which the café is fitted up in imitation of the hulks, and the waiters therein wear the garb of convicts.

Once in a long time a great outcry insists upon the purity of bread; Tennyson, in the poem of "Maud," exclaims against the use of plaster of Paris in bread-making; but the world-wide and almost unintermitted clamor of this century is directed against the adulteration of wine and distilled and malt liquors. England is just now in ebullition over a cheap concoction which is manufactured in Hamburg and sent in enormous quantities into British territory as sherry. It is declared to be a wholly artificial product, made only of alcohol, sugar, water, and table salt, without a touch of grape, and positively frightful in its effects upon the human stomach. For years, English physicians say, the true sherry of commerce has been fortified in divers places in Spain with Dutch spirit; and now the thrifty Dutch and German burghers leave Spain out altogether, and do not even include grapes in their scheme for the cheap and abundant production of this popular wine.

The secret of the jumping Mexican bean is out. It was discovered on the Comstock lode in Nevada. Each bean contains a worm which can uncoil itself with such sudden vehemence that the bean is made to jump. The Nevada newspaper which avers this also says that the worm is a provision of nature whereby the beans are distributed and become planted. Dropping from the trees which produce them, they jump about until they fall into crevices in the ground, where they are imprisoned and may take root.

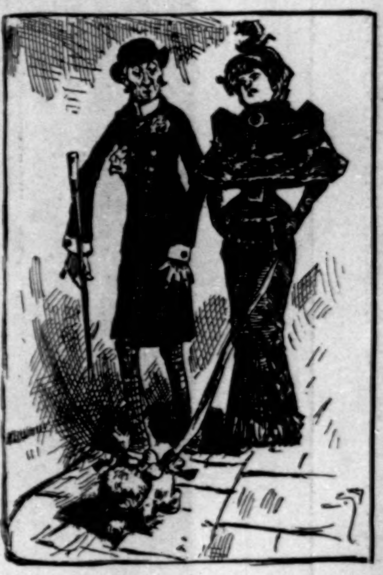
Probably few of the many people who like and eat the salmon concern themselves about the shape of his nose. It is hardly possible that anybody has ever dreamed of a salmon with a Greek or a Roman nose, or with a pug. Napoleon could not have required long noses on his salmon as he did on his generals. And yet there is a Roman-nosed salmon—hook-nose is a more common name for him—and he is not very good to eat. Complaint is made of the appearance of a large number of hook-noses in Oregon waters. It was at first supposed that this fish was a distinct species, but it is probable that he is only an especially ill-favored male—the hook-nose is always a male—of the Chinook variety.

It seems now that the surprising and beautiful sunsets of last winter and this fall were not and are not due to a canopy of fine pumice from the Javanese upheaval or from volcanoes in Alaska or anywhere else. In the Signal Office in Washington it is said that no volcanic dust could remain suspended in the upper atmosphere for so long a time, and moreover that such dust could not reach the height necessary to produce such effects. The present theory is that the earth is in the meteoric belt, and that the sun's rays are refracted by meteoric substances at night and morning. It should be said that this is, as the other was, what somebody thinks, and not what anybody knows. Many of the spectacles of the universe are not understood even by those who understand or suspect a great many things.

The chief of the Swiss Federal Bureau of Statistics estimates that in the year 2000 the United States will contain a population of 600,000,000. He can not get trustworthy returns from Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey; but leaving those countries out, he estimates that the rest of Europe at the same time will contain a population of 565,801,141.

A voodoo doctor in Washington, when a believer comes to him to find out what is to be the issue between him and his enemy, drops two silver coins into a skillet of boiling water, adds a pair of black chicken feathers, and in the course of a satisfactory incantation manipulates the skillet so that the coin which represents the believer shall hop up and down upon the coin which represents his enemy; and the believer pays five dollars with alacrity for so convincing an exhibition.

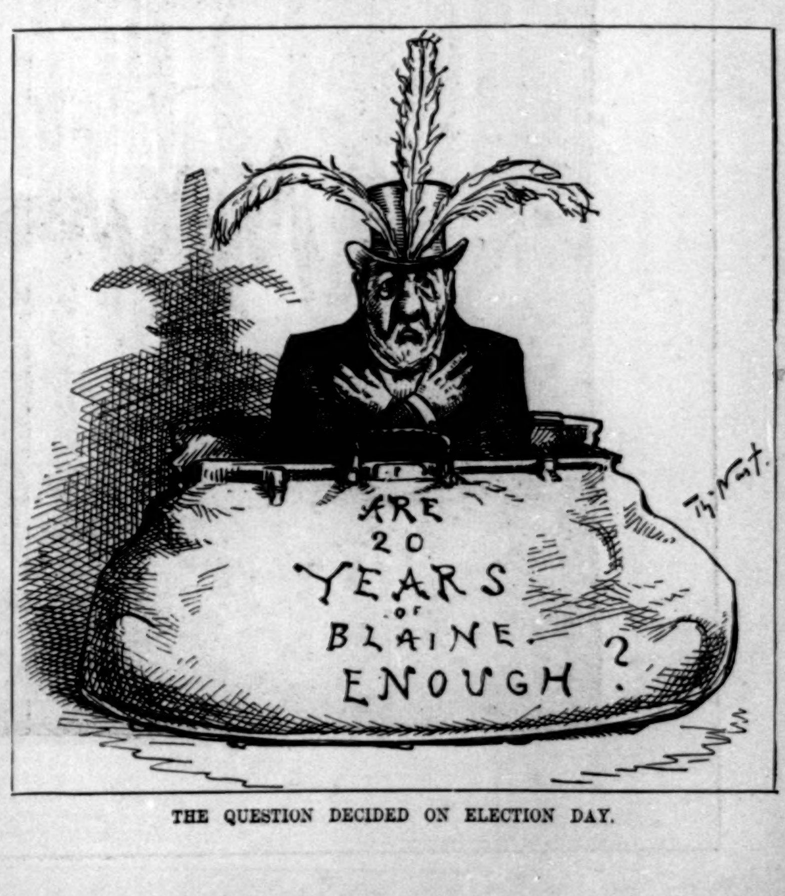
There is no law against the admission of Spanish laborers to the United States, even if these Spaniards do wear their eyes obliquely and their hair in queues. About twenty such Spaniards arrived in this port recently from Havana. Their speech was not the purest Castilian. Said their spokesman: "'Melican law no good. We pay twenty-five dollal in Havana fol papel that make us Spanlads. 'Melican man got no law 'gainst Spanlads."



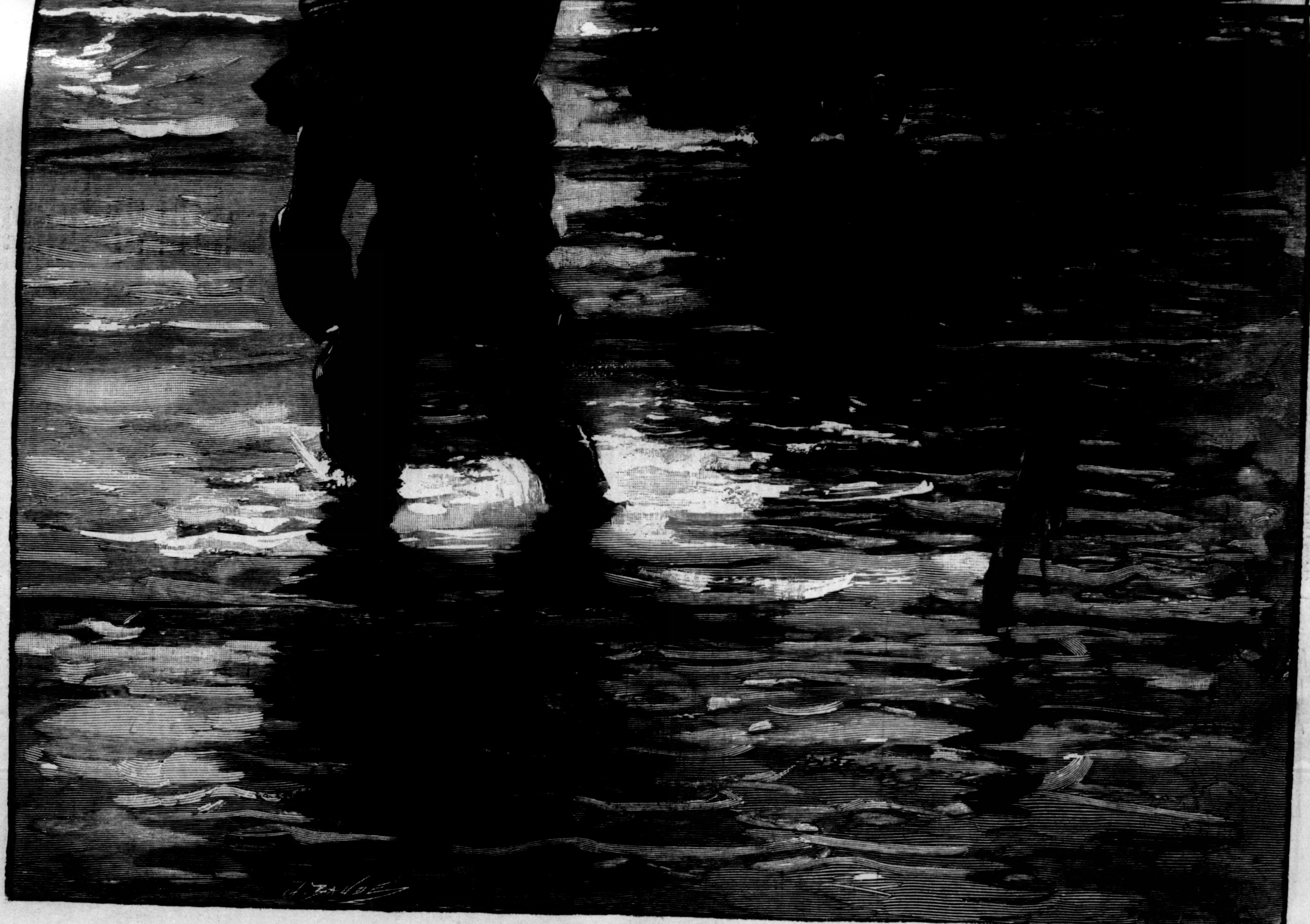
CANDID(ATES).

She. "I suppose you voted, Mr. Giltedge?"

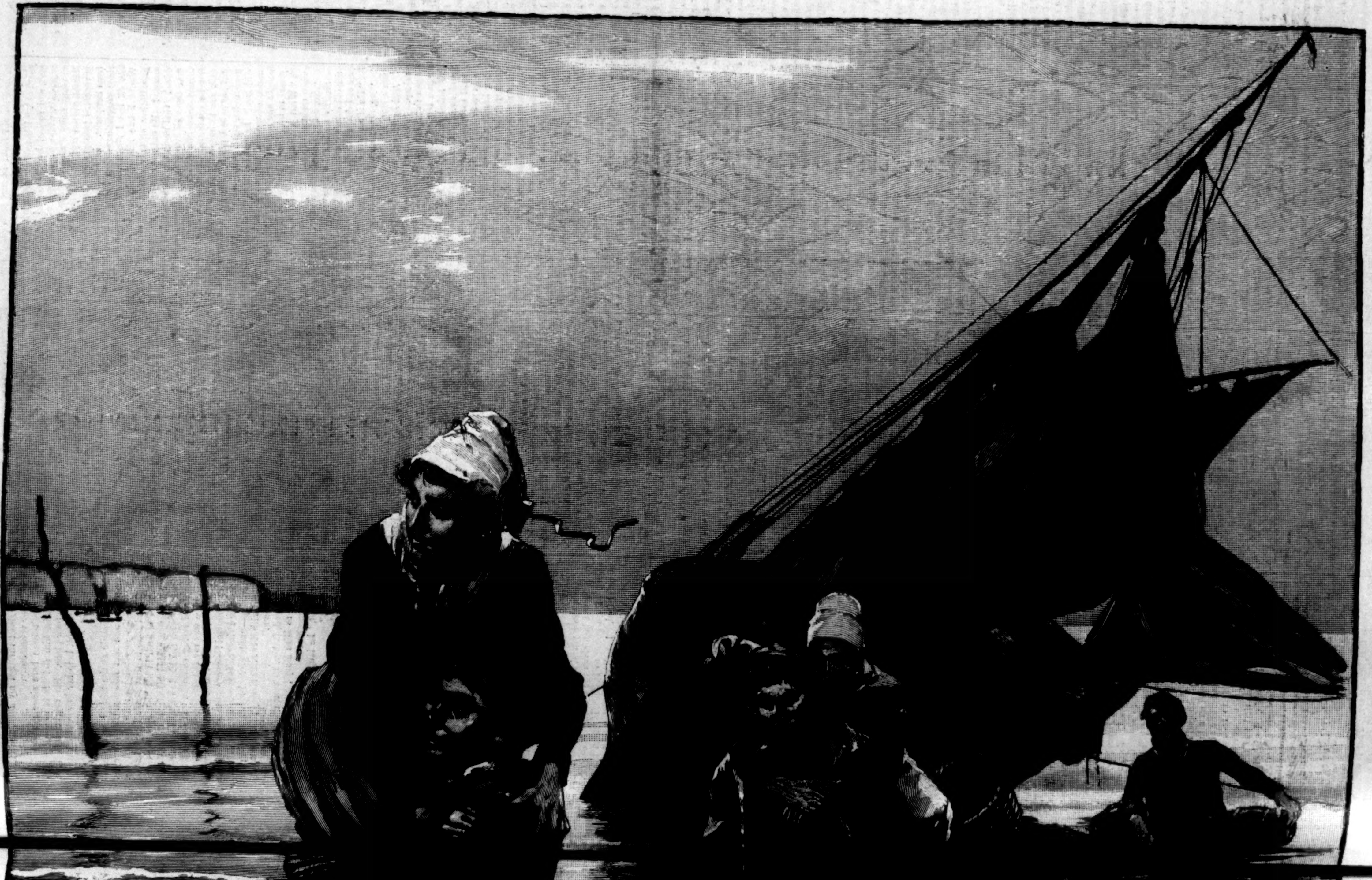
He. "No, Mith Polly. You thee, there were tho many candidath in the field it wath too awfully difficult for me to dethide."


Th. Nast.
ARE 20 YEARS OF BLAINE ENOUGH ?

THE QUESTION DECIDED ON ELECTION DAY.



GALLANT FISHERMEN.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.



NOVEMBER.

On one November afternoon
We sat beside the glowing fire;
The winter skies were full of gloom,
The roads and fields all deep in mire.
We sat and watched the fitful blaze
Among the ashes rise and fall,
And smiled to see in what strange ways
Fell shadows on the parlor wall.

Lo took an apple in his hand,
And lightly threw it to and fro;
Then said, "If it could understand
How you and I have watched it grow,
Would it for us its secret tell?
Would it for us the charm obey,
And say to two who love so well
When comes their happy wedding day?"

He sought the apple's fragrant heart,
With eager fingers found the seed,
Said, "Sweetest, do not blush and start,
There are but five—just five, indeed.
These five seeds mean five days, my dear,
For 'tis an oracle that speaks."
"Ah, Love!" I answered, "it is clear
The oracle intends—five weeks."

The jest to tender earnest grew;
We spoke of marriage hopes and cares:
Sure never hours so swiftly flew.
Happy the heart that with Love shares
The doubtful dreams of future days,
The trouble and the joy of life!
Happy the maid to whom Love says,
"Come, be a well-belovèd Wife!"

And thus the dark November hours
Had joy no other month had known;
The glint of gems and wedding flowers
Upon its sombre light was thrown.
And when the glad Thanksgiving tide
Brought friends our bridal bread to break,
Sweet Love and I stood side by side,
And made all happy for our sake.

INSIGNIFICANT AGENTS.

We are so heedless of that which brings about our good or evil fortunes, and so often the agents thereof are unconscious too, no wonder we call chance and circumstance blind, and build up all sorts of metaphysics to account for our lives. Cousin Hitty Barrows during her lifetime was only an old woman who came to our house on a yearly visit, and told us children stories till we were grown up, and afterward we regarded her as we regarded any of the adjuncts of our imperial youth. Now, since she has gone the way of all the earth, I wonder that I have not seen her counterpart since. She stands out in the atmosphere of my past as clearly as the statues of the ruined Parthenon stand in the sunshine of departed Greece. People like her no longer exist in our country society; they have vanished from the frame-work of their isolated lives, as the old damask roses and the summer-sweeting apple and the camomile beds have from our gardens. We called her cousin, but she was no relation. I am ignorant of her birth-place, and we children never surmised that, like us, *she* could have a father and a mother. Our own mother, a Lady Bountiful, and strictly pious, was ever seeking and succoring the lonely and the unfortunate, especially if they were respectably born and came within the pale of her loved Church. Cousin Hitty was near to her in this respect, and was the object of her most delicate charities. Every autumn Cousin Hitty was invited to spend several weeks with us. I never see pumpkins in a field among faded stalks, or corn on the cob, nor take my first annual taste of the Carolina potato, without recalling her. A chilly, white-curtained spare chamber, a cheery wood fire, a door-yard covered with silver frost, the stamping of a horse in the stable, the crying of loons on the still harbor in a cloudy morning, also bring her to mind. Her own home was in a dreary house outside the village, with a family upon whom she had some mysterious claim. In the summer-time, when currants were ripe, I occasionally went to this house, and made myself ill with currant pie. I remember these visits as I remember a pre-Raphaelite picture. Mrs. Hamon, a red-haired woman, was the mistress there, passing most of her time in a creaking chair, whose rockers went over the bare floor like a slow velocipede, while she smoked a short pipe. An old man occupied one of the rooms upstairs, which he paced constantly. Sometimes I saw him staring out of the window into a distance where something had happened which he never spoke of now. Mr. Hamon, the man of the house, wandered about the premises in his shirt sleeves as if he were about to do something, but it was evident that he had never begun his work; it was so out of repair, so tumbling a concern every way, that he could find no proper opening for his industry. House, barn, garden, were a ruin.

"Here is the little gal," Mrs. Hamon said when I appeared.

"That's Hunsdown's daughter, is it?" asked the old man always. "I knew her gran'ther; told good stories."

"Ah, my lass, come after currants? Ain't any this year; birds eat 'em, every one, and caterpillars," Mr. Hamon said. "Maybe Hitty can find you some; Hitty finds everything. Take her into the garden, Hitty; give her all there is. She is growing so, and gals love sour things."

"Go with Hitty, she loves little gals," added Mrs. Hamon, "and pretty soon I'll call you back to a nice supper."

I was rejoiced to get into the garden—a wild spot with straggling trees, and tufts of long grass mixing in with old-fashioned flowers and vegetables. Mrs. Hamon hastened supper, and I was always made ready for departure before the chaise sent from home appeared over the brow of the hill. Once a great tempest came up at sundown, and I remained all night. For the first time I then saw Edward Hamon, who proved an awful tease to me. He was then fifteen, but he had an old face; he was pale, had a Roman nose, and beautiful brown hair. I was twelve years old. His mother was terrified at the tempest, and rocked backward and forward in her arm-chair, while he laughed at her and made as many noisy demonstrations as possible. Mr. Hamon did not reprove him, but loudly and sternly repeated passages inapplicable to the occasion from Scripture. Edward tormented me with various suggestions—that I should have my curls cut off lest I should be struck with lightning. Would I like him any better, he asked, if his grandfather upstairs should die and leave him money? He did not care if my name was Hunsdown. God made the Hamons too, and meant to take them all into heaven. I made faces at him, turned from him with contempt, shut my eyes, but he continued to tease me till Cousin Hitty took me to her own room, a cheerless spot, and put me to bed. How many times afterward, as I grew older, was I perplexed and annoyed by this odd boy! I could not understand his persistent notice of me and his rude behavior. He never sought any society, but somehow wherever I happened to be, Edward Hamon happened to be also.

"What a nasty boy, Cousin Hitty!" I said, when undressed.

"No, dear; an unfortunate one. Go to sleep."

Shortly we heard a throwing of boots against the old man's chamber door, and a headlong rush up and down the stairs, accompanied by growls.

"He *is* a nasty boy, Cousin Hitty."

"No, dear; an unfortunate one. Shall I tell you a story?"

And so she did, with my hand in hers till I fell asleep. She was so different at our house, away from these surroundings, that it was easy to imagine her as having come from an atmosphere of faded gentility; she was neat, natty, precise, and so bright and cheerful withal that it was hard to believe her poor or in any misery. She was very plain. Her nose was so hooked that her breath whistled before it came through her nostrils; her eyes were small and gray, and she was almost a dwarf in height. Her dress was of bright-flowered calico generally, and she wore embroidered muslin collars and caps; the collars were fastened by a mourning brooch of vast size, and she also wore several mourning rings on a tiny hand incapable of labor. Altogether she was a lady, and that which made her so can not be catalogued. Being the oldest, it was my privilege to sleep in the best chamber with Cousin Hitty when she came. Personally speaking, I dreaded to be near her; but I wanted her stories, and I wanted to hear them in the darkness and silence of night, when there could be no interruption and no distraction. The dark was her chosen time also. With a simple child she dared to speak her romantic thoughts, and was not ashamed of her innocent imagination. During her visit I went to bed without riot or skirmish with my parents and guardians, and kept awake till Cousin Hitty came upstairs. After bandaging her head in a colored silk handkerchief, which made her look like a cockatoo, and reading a chapter in the Bible, she carefully deposited herself upon the edge of the bed, where she staid motionless, with the exception of talking and snoring, till daylight. On the other side I was perched, a small bundle of self-conceit, happy in the security of companionship, the comfort of being wrapped from the frosty air, and the anticipation of drowsing along the shores of sleep, while listening to a lovely story which happened when Cousin Hitty was a young girl, and she was staying in the family of the Governor of Rhode Island, or a tragedy which took place while she was at Commodore Cooper's, forty years ago. Of course her repertory was limited; her tales were often told, and I knew them by heart, so that I could correct her if she made a mistake; but they never wearied me. My childhood was a prosaic one, and it was Cousin Hitty who introduced me into a world where lovers only existed, and where beautiful young men and women lived and died for each other, according to Cousin Hitty's experience. The residue of this world was merely accessory to the happiness or woe of these young people. So I was educated in regard to the sentiments, and no one knew, not even Cousin Hitty herself, that she had taught and prepared me for a heroic, love-stricken destiny.

Time flew; every year the visit and the stories were repeated, and with them were mixed her hopes and prophecies concerning my future. She thought me very like the heroine of her best story, who waded through seas of disappointments and underwent agonies of self-denial before she attained her earthly paradise with the lover who returned to her after years of separation. When I was about seventeen, a young man, the son of one of my father's friends, came to our house upon some business matter, and remained some days. He fell in love with me, much to his surprise and to my annoyance; but he could not help it, and told me so. Would I marry him in a year or two, he asked, when his father would be ready to make him a partner in the business, which was a flourishing one? He could make me happy, he believed, if I would only return his love. I refused him point-blank, and in so doing disappointed my father and mother, who were exactly suited with him for a son-in-law.

"What objection have you, Mary?" my father asked.

"I do not know him sufficiently to trust my happiness to him; besides, he is a poke."

"What nonsense has been put into your head? *I* know him. You will not have a better offer. He is of the right age, a good-looking fellow, first-rate principles, good business talents, and very fair prospects. I desire you to reconsider the matter."

"Mary, my dear child," said my mother, "I am convinced that you will love George after you are married to him. He will be an indulgent husband. Pray tell me if you expect to receive many offers in your quiet position? Such men don't grow on every bush. Try to please your father; his heart is set upon the match. Come; I think you do not know your own mind. It will be pretty much the same, whoever you marry." And my dear mother sighed and lapsed into a dream.

"Mother, I mean to be dead in love before I marry; I mean to be wrought up into a frenzy first. Besides, George Mendon is not really in love with me; he thinks he is, but he knows nothing about love."

"Hear the child! Goodness!—what ails you, Mary? Is this the result of my bringing up? You amaze me. You talk as no young girl should. I never had such thoughts when I married your father."

"What did you marry him for?"

"Go right away, Mary; I have something to attend to besides listening to your foolishness."

And I went away, right up to Cousin Hitty, to the house I seldom entered, and till then had not entered for several years.

"What is the matter, that you have come here, Mary? Tell me—quick!" asked Cousin Hitty, running to the door.

She clapped her little hands together, and stood on tiptoe swinging backward and forward, the picture of distress.

"It is only my own affairs, Cousin Hitty. You know that young Mr. Mendon has been at our house, and—and—"

"He has offered you his hand and heart?"

A burst of laughter from the stair railing overhead—for we still stood in the entry—interrupted and dismayed us. It was Edward Hamon hanging over the balustrade, with a book in his hand.

"The young man has come his road, and gone his road, has he? I thought how it would be. There's more to come, eh? Thick as autumn leaves in our oak patch."

"Edward, for shame!" cried Cousin Hitty. "An eavesdropper?"

"No; a stair-hopper, that's all. I'll get out of your way."

He let himself over the balustrade, jumped down the stairs, passed me with a fierce look, and went out by a side door.

"How that fellow has changed since I saw him last! What does he do, Cousin Hitty? I have not seen him since he insisted upon my dancing with him more than a year ago at the county ball. You know when I refused to stand up in the cotillion with him he said that he would excuse me, but swore that I should not dance that set with anybody else."

"Did you?"

"No."

"Come up to my room, dear, and tell me your trouble, for trouble it is, I see. Won't your parents consent?"

"Oh, Cousin Hitty, they want me to marry him."

"Well, isn't he a beautiful young man? I know that he comes of an excellent family."

"I tell you I don't love him!" I cried in a loud voice. "His love for me don't seem like love. You remember Emily Cooper, how she acted."

"Emily Cooper!" said Cousin Hitty, with a puzzled air.

"Commodore Cooper's daughter, you know, who said wild horses should tear her limb from limb before she would accept Captain Brown."

"Mercy on me! that was forty-four years ago." Her look of perplexity and confusion I can not describe; to anybody but me it would have been laughable.

"Emotion annihilates time."

"I thought you looked beautiful in your father's pew on Sunday—you and Mr. Mendon—he so tall and stately, you so delicate and girlish. I believe I was reminded of Emily Cooper."

"If I am to be treated badly at home, can I stay here with you awhile, till mother and father withdraw their opposition?"

"Oh, my dear, this is no place for you—indeed it is not."

"At any rate, till Mr. Mendon goes. I do not wish to see him again. He must leave at once, I should say."

Cousin Hitty was ready to cry, in her distress and amazement.

"I would not offend your dear mother for anything in the world, Mary. She would be displeased with me for harboring you under such circumstances. I confess I do not quite understand you. Here are youth, good looks, talent, and fair means offered you, and you decline. What more can you demand?"

"Just a miserable commonplace affair! A stone-colored silk, a white bonnet, shiny cards, fifty slabs of black cake, a new trunk, a trip on the railroad, and all is over."

"Oh dear me!"

"I need delay, dread, doubt, anguish, a combination of all that is exciting and opposing. Didn't Emily Cooper go without—"

"Plague take Emily Cooper!" cried Cousin Hitty, using the only violent word I ever heard her speak. "Child, you are alive in an inexorable, commonplace world. Do you see, when I amused you, that I was forced to return to my far-off youth? The time of illusions so soon passes! Can't you, with your natural good sense, comprehend this?"

"And all that you have told me, all that I so deeply desire, comes but to go! What does it mean? *What* plants the germ of romance in the imagination? and then, why is one's whole nature filled with leaves and blossoms, to be carefully nourished in the hope of an unknown but delicious fruit?"

The door by which Edward Hamon disappeared opened a little way, and we heard his voice:

"Marm Hamon's compliments, and would you be pleased to walk in to dinner. Anti-flesh-pots of Egypt, potatoes, fish, and apple-pie directly, and no questions asked."

Cousin Hitty looked at me with entreaty in her eyes that I should go home; but I went to dinner. Mrs. Hamon, paler, sadder than ever, was quite flustered at the sight of me. I felt a strange thrill of pity shoot through my head, and shook hands with her vehemently.

"You haven't been here since grandpa died. Poor soul, I miss him so! It is kind of you to come into our poor place. She brightens it, don't she, father? Come, help her to what we have."

"I am quite hungry from my long walk," I replied.

As I took a chair at the table I happened to look across it, and met Edward Hamon's eyes. Their expression startled me; *he* startled me. For the second time in that house I experienced a tempest. The flash in his blue eyes, the trembling of his lips, revealed his secret to me. The boy loved me with the kind of love I was dreaming about and laying claim to. If *love* must be obtained, here was my chance.

"My lass," said Mr. Hamon, "can you make way with a morsel?—every mite grown on the place, poor as Prissy calls it—potatoes, pork, and the arter-clap—apple-pie. Flour? Oh yes, that was bought with Edward's money; but the apples are all our own."

"Yes indeed, father, to your credit. Edward, be attentive to Miss Mary; pass her the bread," ordered his mother.

"*My* bread," he laughed. "Will Miss Hunsdown eat it?"

He held the plate, but did not offer it. I reached my hand toward it and took a slice, and looked at him once more. His pale face was aglow; I felt my own flush without knowing why. I liked to be there, and was amazedly conscious of it; poor as it was, *mean* even, I enjoyed a strange satisfaction and forgetfulness of all my wonted proprieties. It would seem that he divined my thoughts, for he burst out:

"No genteel scraps to speak of here; only our plain, bare, forlorn human nature to fall back upon. Isn't it so, Hitty Barrows?"

"Never mind him," said his mother. "Mary is glad to be here. She does regard her old friends still; she reminds me of many pleasant things."

"Currants?" said Mr. Hamon. "And just to think on't, the bushes have died out almost."

"When Edward comes home he must set out the garden anew."

"Are you going away?" I asked him.

"On a three years' voyage, in a few days. An uncle has at last given me a chance in one of his ships. I am going to India. I resign the part of rural fool. I shall come back a made man, as they say, or—I shall not come back."

He rose from his place with such an air of pride, and looked so stern, that I ventured no reply.

When Cousin Hitty and I were alone together I said,

"He is stranger than ever—Edward Hamon."

"To you, yes; but he has energy, and if he is placed in the right direction may not turn out so badly, considering who he is. But never mind him. Shall I walk part way home with you? The sun is on the wane already."

"You mean that I shall go home?"

"Yes, my dear child. You must reconsider this matter. I long to see you well settled. You ought to reflect on the future."

"Do you remember when Allen Bell, the Governor's son, was talked to as you talk to me, that there were occasions when a man should take account of all his relations in life from a selfish stand-point, and throw to the winds all the past, and all the future also, in order to secure the present?"

"Yes, yes—an age ago—in other times."

"Why did you drag the age back, to prove that there was nothing worth having but love? You have schooled me, and see the result!"

"I told you stories—true in fact, lies in spirit, for I left out the necessary filling in. I have, like a dreamy, foolish old woman, impressed your imagination. Yet I will stick to the text of my youth. Go home, and, if you choose, send George home too."

I saw that she was much disturbed, that it would be cruelty in me to prolong my visit, and about dusk started for home. It was a delightful autumn eve—a pale, quiet light spread over the silent landscape. The village was a mile off, standing before the bay, which loomed up from the horizon pale and misty. The leaves were dropping in the still air one by one, remaining where they fell—red, brown, and yellow bits coloring the path along which I walked. It was a grave and melancholy scene. *Departure, change, loss*, were everywhere expressed. To cut off the distance I crossed over into some fields which would bring me near our street; lonely enough they were, a crooked path winding through them, along which stunted firs and low-topped oaks were scattered. The dusk began to creep beside me and dim the view. I stopped a little beneath one of the oaks that stood on a knoll to look out seaward, and fell into a reverie about the singular isolation I happened to feel. It seemed to me that nobody understood me, or could approach the inner self, where all that was the sweetest and strongest had its abode. I wished to linger there. A wind rose suddenly and rustled the branches above, but I knew, in spite of the noise, that some one was slowly coming down the path toward me. In an instant I saw Edward Hamon, and he saw me.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked, gently. "It will rain soon."

"I am not waiting for you," I answered, crossly.

"I know that, Miss Mary. *That* is something you would never do. But tell me one thing, Do you despise me? *Now*, I mean. Please look at me."

I raised my eyes.

"I do not despise any one."

"It is no time to generalize. I have just this one moment to speak to you in—the only one, the last that I may ever have. I know that you are not satisfied with your present condition. Should I come home—as I will come, or never—do you think that I might venture to ask you to be my wife? There, it is out! I tell you, Mary, that my heart has been burning constant fires for you. There is something in me—rough, ignorant as I am—that is worthy of you, dear and lovely as you are. Oh, my dear, I must leave you, when I love the ground you walk on; the old hut up there is a palace of glory, because you have been in it; and I must go. One word, Mary—to thank me at least for my love, if you can give me no hope."

He bent his head low, and covered his face with his hands. The rude, rough creature was weeping like a child. The wind began to roar like mad, and the noise of the far-off waves came up the fields, and plash fell some great drops. It darkened every moment.

"I must hurry home," I said.

"Yes; well, I will go to the last wall with you."

And we started, leaving the shelter of the tree; the wind blew round me violently and disengaged my shawl, which he caught and folded round me.

"Thank you," I said.

He was silent.

"Thank you, Edward; I shall not forget you."

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, "can't you forget your pride for an instant? Are you happy?"

"No."

"Will you give me one word of hope? Now you shall answer. I have laid myself in the dust before you."

"How can I give you a word of any kind? I never imagined you cared for me. I never thought of caring for you. Time must decide the question."

"You will not throw yourself away on that chap?"

"Here we are at the well."

"One moment more."

"But it rains."

"It is not wet rain."

"And it is late."

"Not *too late*, thank God! You will yet love me. The voice of my soul tells me so, far off as it is, farther than the cry of yonder ocean, thundering so distantly along the coast."

"I must go."

"Have you forgiven me my boorishness? Pity me. You know all, only you do not know how I have struggled to rise and be your equal. Give me your hand; let me lift you over the wall."

Before I could resist he had taken me up and put me on the other side; but he did not let go my hand.

"Good-night, and good luck," I said.

"Can I have a lock of your hair?" and he timidly touched a braid.

"How absurd! I have no scissors."

"Here is my knife."

I shook down my tresses; one was quickly severed, over which he made some kind of mumbling noise expressive of delight. "Bound for India," he said. "Now may I walk on with you? It is pitch-dark; no one will see you with me; perhaps no one will ever see me with you."

"I despise humility," I answered, feeling glad to have him beside me, for the wind and rain increased, and the darkness was black.

"I have that with me now which will cure me of humility and weakness. I feel that I grow bold already. Let us go down the lane that runs behind your father's orchard. Many a time have I walked there alone, till I have seen the light go out in your chamber, and then have trudged home, more miserable than any dog in believing that I was as far from your heart as heaven is from hell!"

His tone was so vehement that I trembled, and welcomed the deserted scene more than ever. I made no demur when we turned into the lane, a favorite walk of mine; the old orchard trees topped the high wall on one side, and a hedge with wild shrubs and an oak or two bordered the other.

"May I think of you as being here?" he asked. "Sometimes come alone, and remember this hour—the brightest and best I have ever had—the most blessed good God has allowed me. Will you come?"

"Yes, I shall come."

"Often?"

"I think so."

"I see the light in your father's house. I must let you go now. It tears my heart. Say, do you believe in my poor heart? Feel it beat."

He caught my hand and pressed it against his breast, and I heard a new music. It was echoed in my own. We stood so in silence for a moment or two.

"Farewell, Mary," he said, in a broken voice.

"Good-by, Edward."

"Will you kiss me once, for a three years' separation?"

He waited for no reply. We kissed each other—once, twice, thrice—and I felt more rain on my face. At last had come the looked-for harmony. It might never come again, but it was so—the hour, the place, and the man, and my whole soul was attuned to the scene. So we parted, he taking my budded love to cherish and to voyage by, and I calling him back in the silent depths of my heart with a call that would not cease till he returned.

"Where have you been?" was the exclamation from mother and father, who were sitting by the evening lamp, with newspaper and knitting.

"I have been visiting Cousin Hitty."

"What possessed you to go there?" demanded my mother. "What is the news? Anything happened? Is Edward Hamon still at home? I wish he would make up his mind to do something to improve the condition of things there. Cousin Hitty had more good words for him the last time she was here. She said he read and studied by himself eternally."

"He is going on a voyage to India—a three years' trip. An uncle has sent for him."

"I am glad to hear that," said my father. "It will be the making of him to surround him with respectability and give him a purpose. I know something of this uncle; he is a hard, eccentric man, but if Edward pleases him, and I think he will, for there is good blood in the Hamons—our *Mayflower* stock—the young man will be somebody. There was no sort of chance here, and that fact accounts for his oddity and reticence. I talked with him up in the meadow the other day, and found good sense in him. His father and mother are a skip-over in the Hamon generations; *he* is like his grandfather."

I thought my father uncommonly delightful, and went up to him, put my arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"Why, puss, what are you after? A new dress? How bright your eyes are!"

"Not a new dress, papa, but your forgiveness for displeasing you."

"You know best, my dear, I suppose. Fathers can't compel their daughters to marry against their wills nowadays. I wish they could, almost. Pack George off, if you must—as likely and as honest a chap as one may find anywhere."

"Indeed he is, papa."

"Oh, nonsense! Don't irritate me. Mother, why haven't you brought up this child differently?"

"Why, father, you know you would have me. And I suppose Mary will make her own obstinate choice too."

"I am going to stay at home," I said. "I shall never leave this town."

"Mercy on us! You will die an old maid, then."

"We will wait, mamma."

"Well, we must have Cousin Hitty here soon," said my mother, rather inconsequentially. "Was she full of her stories to-day?"

"She has proved a fortune-teller to me," I answered. "But I must confess she is on your side now."

"I used to wonder why she never tried to influence Edward Hamon. She had the faculty to amuse you so when you were a child. She is no fortune-teller, but a sentimental, harmless woman who loves to hear herself talk."

"Some day I shall have a new story to add to her list."

"What will that be?"

"That she has had a hero under her nose all these years without dreaming of it; that there was stuff at hand for a stronger romance than any she ever told me—Edward Hamon, I mean."

"Oh," said my father, dryly.

"Goodness, Mary! what do you mean?" asked mother, with wide eyes.

"One of those days, mamma, and once upon a time, I shall tell you. Good-night."

One of the days came about four years from this date, on an occasion when Cousin Hitty, in a silk dress, said to my mother, "Would you ever have believed it?" And my mother replied:

"I never would have believed it. But so it is; and here is the wedding cake."

THE DOG SHOW.

It is seven years since the first dog show was held in Madison Square Garden, in this city; since then its promoters, the Westminster Kennel Club, have given annually spring exhibitions of the various breeds of dogs, and these shows have steadily increased in popularity with the exhibitors and the sight-seeing public. Until very recently, although all the different breeds of canines had representation at these shows, the setter and the pointer were greatly in the ascendency, not only as to numbers, but as containing in their individual classes more typical specimens than any of the other breeds. These shows, therefore, naturally received the patronage of the shooting fraternity, and for a time the non-sporting breeds were allowed to rest in the background. These convivial meetings, however, attracted persons of doggy proclivities, who "dropped in," as Paul Pry would put it, and subsequently became inoculated with the canine complaint. Many of these were ladies who were interested enough when the next show came around to enter their non-sporting pets. To the surprise and mortification of the fair owners, many of their dogs received no recognition from the judges. What could the matter be? Privately the judges were button-holed by the unsuccessful exhibitors, and frequently the judges were courageous enough to point out the defects of the defeated pets. This has done much to educate the wealthy owner to a higher standard, and none but the best dogs will now interest him.

Now all this has led during the past two years to the importation of non-sporting dogs from the best of European kennels; and the Westminster Kennel Club, knowing this, and actuated by a desire to repay in a measure the loyalty of their fair patrons, determined to give a non-sporting dog show, including the three sporting classes of greyhounds, deer-hounds, and fox-terriers. The show, the inaugural of autumn non-sporting exhibitions, was consequently held at Madison Square Garden, and ran its course during the 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th of October. Unfortunately it did not receive the patronage by the public that it deserved, although the exhibition would compare favorably with the best of its kind ever held in Europe, and the breeds present, beyond question, were a great improvement over those that have heretofore been shown in this country. The arrangements for benching, besides, were entirely new, and enabled each class to be taken in at a glance, and the individual dogs compared with the winners. This was effected by the substitution of long rows of platforms, on which the big dogs were chained, in place of being cooped up in wooden pens, which heretofore have been used. The small dogs, too, were shown in open wire-work cages, instead of in little wooden boxes with broad slats, the cages resting on a frame-work four feet from the ground. Great care, too, had been taken in the selection of competent judges, which were found to be as follows: For the mastiffs, St. Bernards, fox-terriers, sheep-dogs, bull-dogs, and bull-terriers, Mr. James Mortimer, of New York city; for Newfoundlands, black and tan terriers, hard-haired Scotch terriers, rough-haired terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Irish terriers, Bedlington terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, Japanese spaniels, pugs, Maltese terriers, and Dalmatians, for greyhounds, deer-hounds, Italian greyhounds, and miscellaneous classes, Mr. Joseph R. Pierson, of Buckingham, Pennsylvania; for poodles of all classes, Mr. John G. Heckscher, of New York city.

The dogs were catalogued in ninety-two classes, which contained 499 dogs, exclusive of several litters of young puppies. The prize-money offered summed up to $1200, exclusive of silver medals and eighteen special prizes, being a full return to the exhibitors for their entrance fees. The heavy expenses of the show, therefore, had to be made up in the shape of gate-money, and this fell short. There is always considerable monetary risk to the promoters of dog shows, as in every speculative business; for though an approximate estimate of the outlay may be made, much of the income depends on counter-attractions simultaneously offering themselves. It is therefore clear that the promoters always run a risk. It is also clear that the money won by an exhibitor is far from equal to the outlay, the cost of purchase, preparing for, and exhibiting. The profit is secured in another way: the far-seeing exhibitor knows that prizes carry a higher remuneration than mere money value; they increase the prestige of his kennel, and bring grist to his mill in the shape of stud fees, and immensely enhanced prices for his stock. There are, of course, hundreds of exhibitors who exhibit for honor alone, to whom six inches of blue ribbon is worth more than a very substantial roll of greenbacks.

As has been said, the dogs were the best lot of non-sporting dogs ever exhibited in America. The big dogs were the finest, especially the St. Bernards, which were the best classes in the show. The mastiffs, too, were a noble collection, and the now fashionable sheep-dogs a great improvement over those of previous exhibitions. The fox-terriers were not better than have been shown during the past two years; but there was no falling off in this class. The deer-hounds made a splendid appearance, and the greyhounds, which are rapidly coming into popularity, were also a greatly improved lot. The bull-dogs and bull-terrier classes contained some fine specimens; and the small dogs—the pugs, Yorkshires, Japanese spaniels, and black and tan terriers—far surpassed in quality the usual entries of these breeds at American shows.

Taking in turn the most popular classes, and beginning with the mastiffs, splendid dogs were found in Hero II., Princess Royal, Hector, Hildebert, Ilford Cromwell, Juno, Aydah, Queen II., and Liberty. The subjects of our illustrations, Jumbo and Ponto, the property of Mr. Samuel F. Sniffen, are fine young dogs. The St. Bernards were wonderfully fine. Although the Hospice is a thing of the past, the breed of courageous and intelligent animals has not deteriorated in the slightest degree on the bench. But the St. Bernard of the bench to-day is not the same dog of the Hospice, which was a medium smooth and rough coated dog. The bench-show dog is a grand animal for the lawn or fireside, but is not a traveller-hunter. The breeders have systematically lost sight of the type brought into wide-world prominence by the monks. The dog of the present is prized for being huge in body and possessing a magnificent massive head. In marking it differs from the dog of the monks, whose white band running from his white muzzle between his eyes and down his back, intersecting his white collar, when looked down upon resembled the cross worn upon the back of the vestments of priests, which is the ecclesiastical emblem of the order of monks. Our illustrations include Mr. Herns's rough-coated Duke of Leeds, a magnificent dog, for whom his owner paid $1750, Mr. Herns's Bonivard, a splendid animal, the winner of fifty prizes, and Mr. Rodney Benson's bitch Stella, a daughter of the famous Thor. Among the smooth-coated St. Bernards, Don II. won in the champion-dog class. Leila, the best smooth-coated bitch living, was shown in the finest condition. St. Botolph, Guard, Verone, and the Mill Brook Kennel's Royalist, the subject of our illustration, were the best dogs in the open class, while Her Majesty and Daphne secured ribbons in the bitch class.

The Newfoundlands were an inferior lot. It is astonishing how this superb breed of dogs is being neglected. Among the greyhounds was the recently imported bitch Mother Demdike, the best bitch that has ever been seen in America. The time is rapidly coming when coursing will come into vogue in this country. Already there are several coursing clubs on the Pacific slope and on the Western frontier, and an attempt is being made to organize one on Long Island.

The deer-hounds were an improved class. Grand animals, reminding one of deer-stalking in the Scotch Highlands, which for ages has been so profusely illustrated. The subjects of our illustration are a draft of splendid animals from Mr. Edward Kelly's Clovernook Kennels. The fox-terriers were well represented by Baby Tyrant, a remarkably fine dog. These little dogs have become great favorites of late years. They are charming companions in a country ramble, and plucky and bright as they are faithful. It has long been acknowledged that there is no more intelligent breed of dogs than the collie. From being the drudge of the yokel they have recently been elevated to the companionship of the nobility of England. America has followed suit, and the dog is now the fashion on Fifth Avenue. In both the rough and smooth coated classes there were many very fine specimens. The Bruce of Tylde is one of the finest dogs in America. Mr. Thomas H. Terry's rough-coated Tweed II., a splendid old stager of many shows, and the winner of innumerable prizes, and its kennel companion, and Mr. W. W. Tucker's Frank, all shown in the accompanying illustration, are fine dogs.

The bull-dog, and his cousin the bull-terrier, have ceased to be regarded as the companion of Bill Sykes and the patrons of the pit; they are now being bred by gentlemen all over the world, and are said to possess all the good qualities which are heir to dog-flesh. Messrs. R. and W. Livingston's champion bull-dog Boz, and champion bull-terrier Grand Duke, the subjects of our illustrations, are remarkably fine dogs. The terriers, pugs, and toy spaniels were beautifully shown. The poodles were well judged by Mr. Heckscher, Miss Work's Rajah receiving first. This breed of dogs is becoming immensely popular with the dudes, and need as much tittivating as their owners. Mr. E. Berry Wall's Mignon (illustrated) is one of the best bitches in the city. Captain Williams, of police fame, showed his dog Nigger Jim, a rounder of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, who has a record for putting out fires, saving people from drowning, capturing burglars, and voting the Democratic ticket. Two Esquimau dogs, bred by Governor Peterson, Disko, Greenland, and brought home by the Greely Relief Expedition, were also on exhibition. "Me Too," a Mexican hairless dog (illustrated), belonging to Mrs. H. T. Foote, was one of the special attractions of the show, and demonstrated that every dog has his day.

BOOKS.

There is perhaps no greater wonder than a book. By the help of little figures or marks placed upon reeds, or skins, or some other available material, men have been able to transmit their thoughts through thousands of years. The names and shapes of things, the deeds and sorrows that have occurred as far back as the time of Adam, have been made known to us. Even those abstract and invisible thoughts, which have no shape or substance, but which nevertheless inspired the writer, and have since inspired others, are all put down in little letters or figures, and made eternal. The songs of David, the sublime grievings of Job, the speculations of Plato, the visions of Homer, have by these means been handed down faithfully for many centuries.

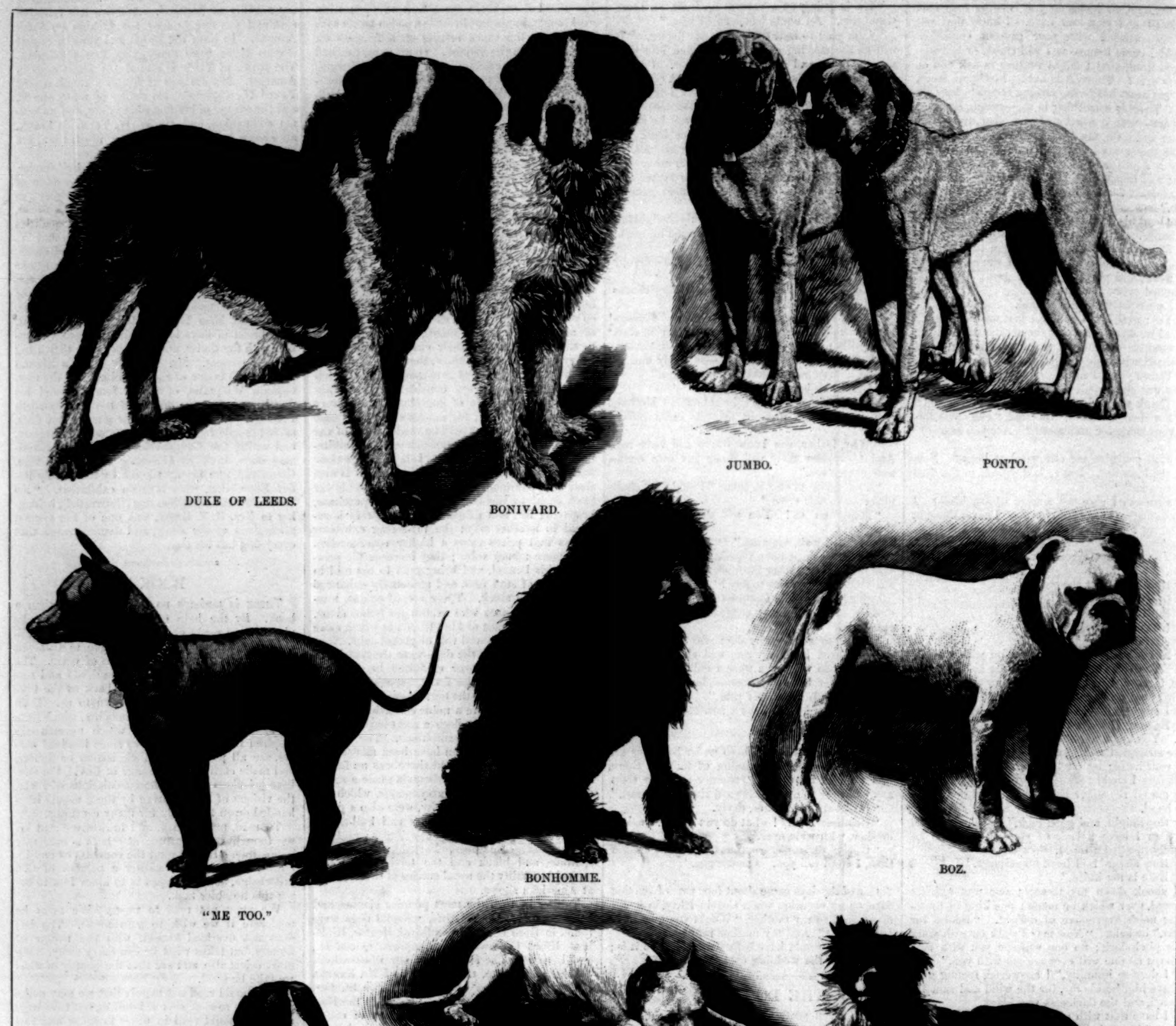
To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest *all* the thoughts and learning of others is evidently impossible. It is beyond the compass of any intellect. But we may gather a portion of this knowledge, and the object is to know how to begin this humbler task.

We must not read to waste. We must be moderate if we wish to gain much. The bee does not overload himself with the nectar of flowers, but takes what he can carry away. We must select also, and see that the quality of what we take be good.

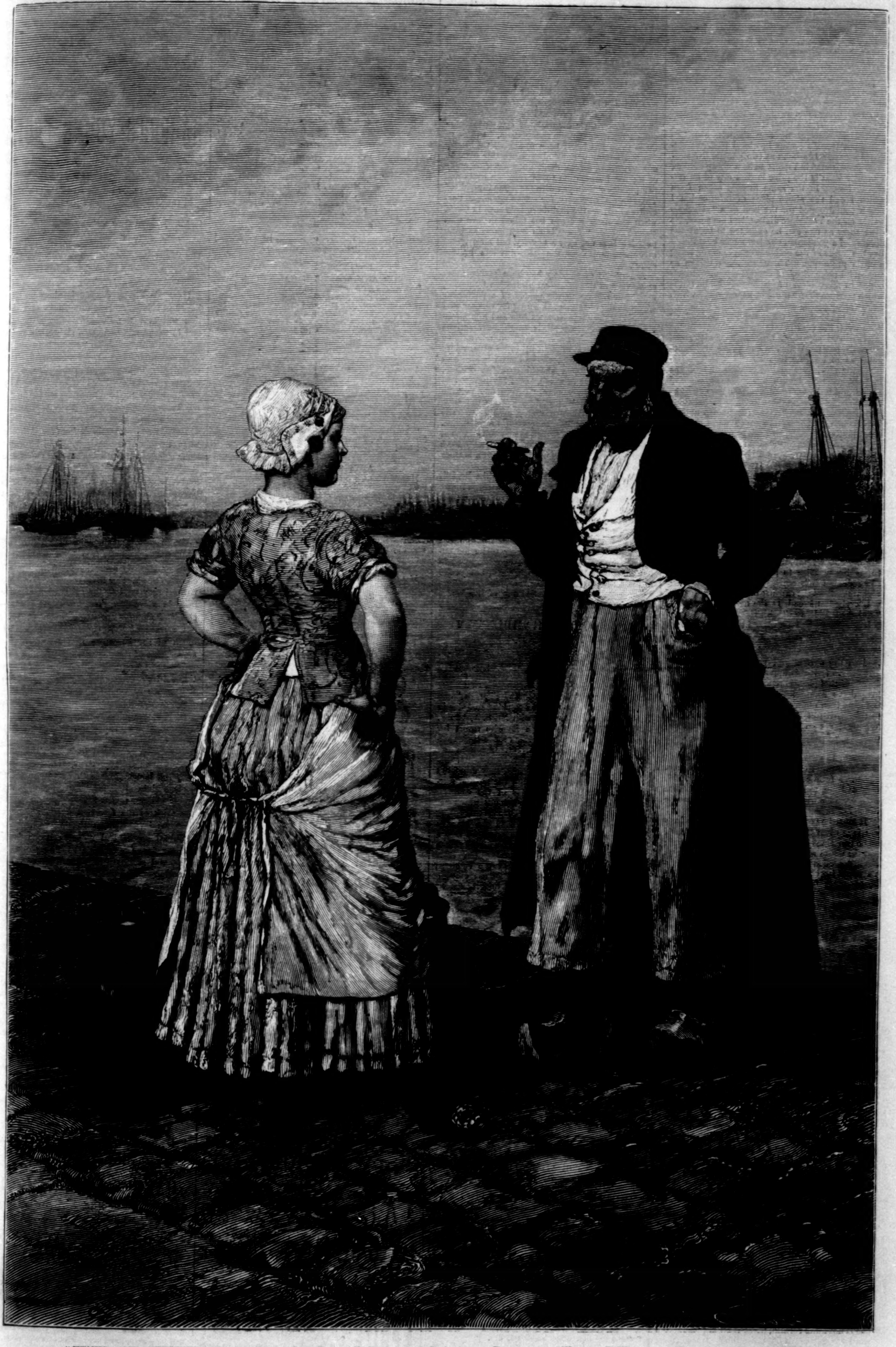
We should read not merely that we may make money, not to sharpen our intellect, but to *enlarge it*. We should read in order to know and feel what is good, and what is evil, and to do what is good and useful. Are we ambitious? let us learn humility. Are we avaricious? let us learn content. When a man can truly say to himself, "My mind to me a kingdom is," a kingdom of which he is the absolute ruler.

WHAT THE MOON IS DOING TO THE EARTH.

The tides are caused mainly by the moon, as it were, catching hold of the water as the earth revolves around on its axis. This must cause friction on the earth as it revolves, and friction, as every one knows, causes loss of power. Suppose a wheel, with hair round its rim, like a circular brush such as is used for hair-brushing by machinery; if this brush be revolving rapidly, and we hold our hand ever so lightly on the hair, so that it is slightly rubbed backward as the wheel revolves, we can understand that the speed of the wheel will be gradually diminished, until at last it will be brought to a stand-still, provided there is no additional power communicated to the wheel by machinery or hand beyond what was given to set it spinning round. Now this is somewhat analogous to what is happening to the earth in its rotation. There is reason to suppose that the action of the tides is slowly but surely lessening the speed of the earth's rotation, and consequently increasing the length of the day, and that this action will continue until the earth revolves on its own axis in the same time that the moon takes to revolve round the earth. Then the day, instead of being twenty-four hours as now, will be about twenty-eight days, and the earth will be exposed to the full blaze of the sun for about fourteen days at a time. The change this will bring about on the face of the earth can hardly be exaggerated. All life, both animal and vegetable, will be destroyed; all water will be evaporated; the solid rocks will be scorched and cracked, and the whole world reduced to a dreary and barren wilderness. It is supposed by some that the moon has already passed through all this, hence its shattered and bare-looking surface. That the earth, being so much larger, has more quickly acted upon the oceans which once were upon the moon's surface, and stopped almost entirely its revolution round its own axis, thus causing it to have a day equal to twenty-eight of our days, and the heat of the sun has already done to it what in future ages it will do to the earth.


DUKE OF LEEDS.
BONIVARD.
JUMBO.
PONTO.
"ME TOO."
BONHOMME.
BOZ.
GRAND DUKE.
ROYALIST.
FRANK.
STELLA.
TWEED II.
SCOTCH COLLIE.
DEER-HOUNDS.

THE NON-SPORTING DOG SHOW.—[See Page 741.]



"VENUS AND NEPTUNE."—From a Painting by George H. Boughton, A.R.A., in the Possession of William T. Walters, of Baltimore.—[See Page 744.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Heine's Works in Vienna.—The International Copyright Meeting in Switzerland.—An Agricultural View of Providence.—The Royal Academy Sales.—A Lake-Dwelling.—An excitable Sergeant.

THE benefits promised to the literary world by the expiration of the copyright of Heine's works are no doubt considerable, but that event will scarcely "bring them within the reach of the poorest reader." If the news from Vienna is to be trusted, an enterprising firm there is about to bring out Heine's poems in ninety parts, at sixpence a part. If a book at two pounds five shillings is reckoned in Vienna to be a cheap edition, I wonder what is the price in that city of an *edition de luxe*. In the same literary organ from which I cull the above piece of information I find a tear dropped for the loss of a "vivacious writer on the Yorkshire dialect." I am sorry, too—as sorry as one can be expected to be at the decease of a gentleman one has never heard of—but the terms of the notice do strike me as being a little grotesque. There are such things as "cheerful obituaries," of course, but an obituary ought to steer clear of contradictions in terms which produce that "sense of incongruity" which mere vulgar people call a joke.

Of all the loud cries that have been made about little wool, the fuss people make concerning the international copyright meeting in Switzerland bears the palm. Which of our authors is so sanguine as to imagine that he will ever get sixpence for a Swiss translation of his book? It is a fact not generally known, but from the whole of France and Italy, where international copyright already exists with us, nothing worth speaking about ever reaches the pockets of the British author. The French publishers are much more gushing than the English ones, and will praise to the skies the literary genius with whom they propose to deal, but they will give him no pudding. After half a score of letters have passed between the contracting parties, and an infinity of detail has been arranged, it is discovered that the term allowed for publication (twelve months) has elapsed, and the Frenchman takes the book for nothing. The Italian does not trouble himself to go through this formula, but openly states that he can only give the author "the advertisement of publication," and, unlike the Frenchman, he keeps his word. The German, it is only justice to say, performs his promise to pay, but the payment is so small that it is scarcely worth the trouble of registration and the expense of posting the proofs.

Everybody remembers the *non sequitur* in the "Rejected Addresses" with reference to the mischiefs supposed to be wrought by the Corsican Ogre:

"Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?"

And in the agricultural village of Marden the same sort of view is apparently prevalent. The curate of that place is represented as taking from his pulpit a comprehensive view of his congregation, and then observing: "There are complaints in this parish of the smallness of the hop crop. We need not go far for the reason when I see only three farmers here: it is through their absenting themselves from this church." It did not seem to strike the reverend gentleman that this disposition of affairs was rather hard upon the three farmers who *did* come; however, it is a great thing to know the actual reason of these dispensations which have hitherto puzzled people a good deal.

It must be very disagreeable to be in a railway carriage when the collector is coming round, and to be conscious of the non-possession of a ticket; yet the shifts some people are put to in order to avoid detection seem even worse than the embarrassment itself. A gentleman coming from Doncaster races found himself in this predicament, and knowing that on a race-day the official would look under the seat for stowaways, he got six of his friends to sit in a row upon him. It is always easy to get one's friends to "sit upon" us, and the result is seldom satisfactory; and so it was in this case. Flat as he was, the ticketless one was discovered and hauled out. I remember a young gentleman who was running away from school at Swindon without funds getting under the seat of a first-class carriage, which was "shunted" at the terminus, Paddington, before he had any opportunity of emerging, and sent back to Swindon.

It is curious to observe from the official returns of the Royal Academy how small a proportion of its contents are sold to visitors. Out of sixteen hundred pictures, only two hundred were disposed of within the building, and of the two hundred pieces of sculpture, only five. The advantage of being hung on these respectable walls would for the most part seem to be confined, therefore, to the advertisement, "Exhibited at the Royal Academy," which we see on so many pictures at the dealers'. In an ignorance which I fancy is shared by many, I had thought that half the pictures exhibited were sold within the walls.

A competitive examination paper was set the other day by the "Puzzle Editor" of *Truth* in order to arrive at an estimate of the comparative popularity of modern novelists, and the result of it has proved not a little surprising. Among the five living writers of fiction who have secured the greater number of suffrages I remark with pleasure, not, however, unmixed with astonishment, that Ouida does not appear. I am still more surprised that Mrs. Oliphant is not among them, and, most of all, that Miss Braddon is excluded. I should have named one of these ladies for "a place" against any male.

A lake-dwelling is in more than one respect, to modern eyes, a good deal like a swan's-nest: one is not quite certain, without an archæologist's word for it, that it is a dwelling at all. Even when you are so fortunate as to disinter its furniture, it does not carry the same conviction that anybody has lived there as the discovery of a table from Maples', or a carpet from Shoolbred's would do. Antiquarians glow with enthusiasm at the sight of "an armlet of slag," but to uneducated eyes it only bears a very remote resemblance to an armlet, while as for a "flint flake," it looks (like the famous Primrose of Mr. Wordsworth) a flint "and nothing more." Still, it seems to be now abundantly established that, as in Switzerland so in Scotland, our northern ancestors did live in "crannoges," dwellings built on piles or fagots in lakes and marshes; to which circumstance their descendants are, perhaps, indebted for their chronic rheumatism. In one of these there has lately been found even a bronze "vessel"—antiquarians always use this word to our confusion, for we don't know *what* to make of it; the imagination roves from an iron-clad to a pipkin—"stamped with the name Cipipolib." This is a real discovery, for such a name was never heard of; as the high-born lady says in *Caste*, when she finds her son has fallen in love with Polly Eccles, "There is no such name as Cipipolib." It is not only a novelty, but an original invention, and does the lake-dwellers infinite credit.

A sergeant of artillery has been giving great annoyance to the theatrical profession by paying a natural tribute to the genius of a particular stage-villain, in taking his acting for earnest, and rushing on the stage between him and injured innocence. But, after all, is there such serious cause for jealousy? The sergeant might have been a Scotchman, brought up in an atmosphere of Presbyterian purity, who had never before seen a stage-play. "One should consider, madam, what your praise is worth," said Dr. Johnson to a gushing young woman, "before one permits one's self to be intoxicated by it," and the same thing may be said of dramatic criticisms. The less experience it has, the better the audience. Nevertheless, to have caused a man to fly in such a passion with one's simulated villainy as to have to be removed by the police is no doubt a feather in an actor's cap.

I know a humorous writer who, unlike Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "*does* dare to write as funny as he can," who caused a man to rupture an important vessel by laughing at one of his stories, and to be put on a literary diet of sermons and blue-books for months afterward, and he always speaks of it as a great intellectual triumph and creditable feat. He would never make me endanger *my* life that way, as I once ventured to tell him; to which he replied, "Ah, but you're in the same way of business."

R. KEMBLE, of London.

"SKETCHING RAMBLES IN HOLLAND."

WE are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. WILLIAM T. WALTERS, of Baltimore, and to M. KNOEDLER & Co., who own the copyright, for permission to engrave Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON's characteristic painting entitled "Venus and Neptune," one of the fruits of that artist's sketching rambles in Holland, made in company with Mr. E. A. ABBEY.

Holland has long been a favorite resort for artists, but these two Americans made their rambles a trip of genuine discovery. Avoiding the beaten routes of the ordinary tourist, and discarding MURRAY and BAEDECKER, they wandered at their own sweet will through the most picturesque and unfrequented parts of the country, filling their portfolios with sketches which for variety, beauty, and originality surpass everything that was ever before gathered in the land of dykes and canals. It had been arranged that a well-known man of letters was to accompany them on their rambles, to supplement their sketches with his impressions of the country; but owing to his inability to keep the engagement, this part of the work was undertaken by Mr. BOUGHTON.

The result of this felicitous combination of art and literature was a most original and fascinating series of illustrated papers in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, now collected into a sumptuous holiday volume, published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, under the title of *Sketching Rambles in Holland*. It is the very romance of travel. Mr. Gradgrind would probably pronounce it deficient in valuable facts and statistics, but our artists were not in search of material of the guide-book or blue-book sort; for which the vast majority of those who turn the pages of this delightful volume will be profoundly grateful. Mr. BOUGHTON writes with a pleasant freedom from conventionality. His narrative and his descriptions are easy, animated, colloquial, and overflowing with graceful humor. The two artists saw Holland as it is, and their work presents a more faithful, picturesque, and attractive idea of that country, and of the life, customs, and character of its people, than has ever before been given by pen and pencil.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR ALCOHOLISM.
DR. J. S. HULLMAN, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is of good service in the troubles arising from alcoholism, and gives satisfaction in my practice."—[*Adv.*]

FROM THE CORPORAL.
FROM the Marine Barracks, Pensacola, Florida, Corporal Ben. Barger writes of the benefits of Brown's Iron Bitters in that malarious region. He says: "I have used several bottles, and must say I am greatly benefited by using it. Several of my comrades use Brown's Iron Bitters, and you may rest assured they all think it is the greatest thing on earth." This kind of testimony comes from all quarters concerning Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE
Softens the hair when harsh and dry.
Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.—[*Adv.*]

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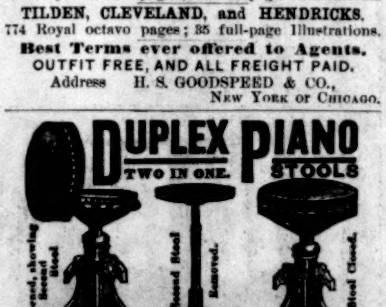
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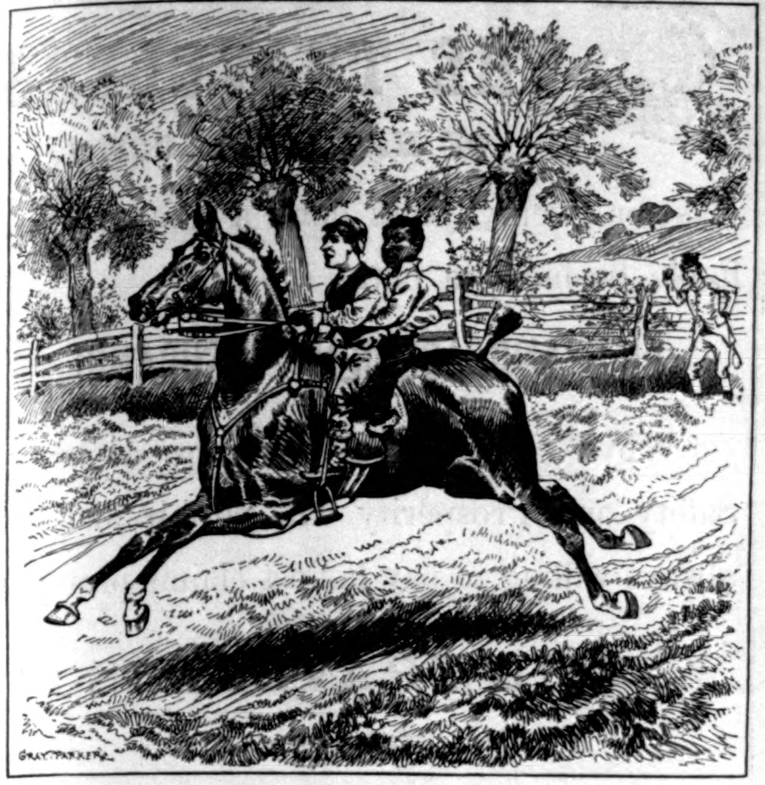

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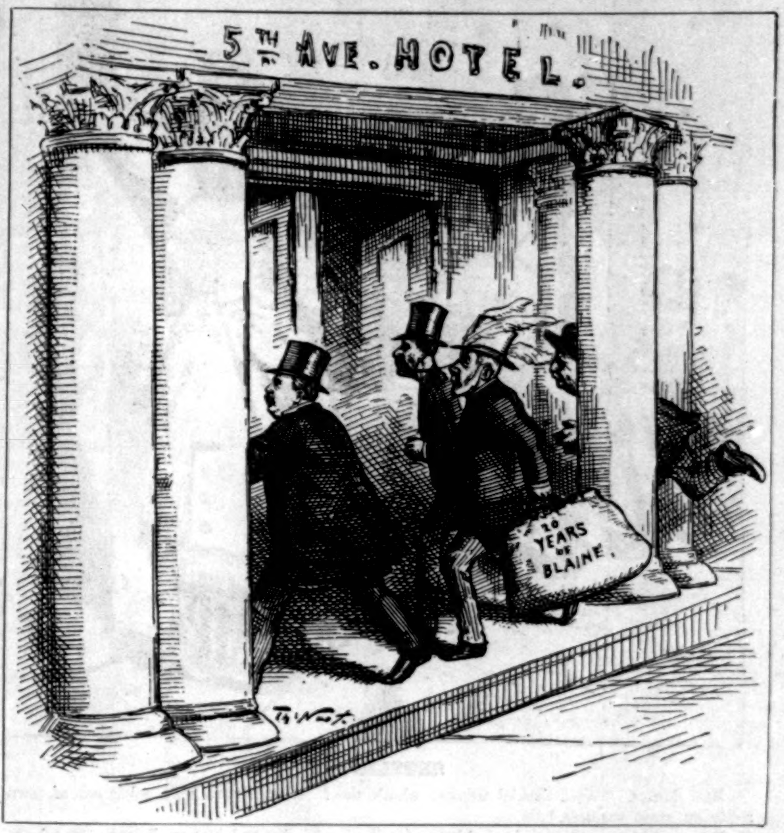

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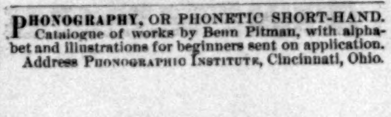

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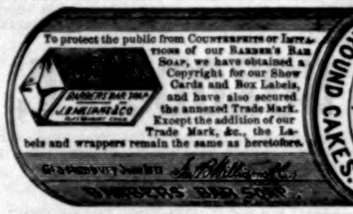

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